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ON BEHALF OF MUSICOLOGY

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PERHAPS the first question is, Do we really need the *word* "musicology?" It is a word not instantly grateful to the ear or to the mind. The eye may confuse it with the botanist's "muscology," and the humorous fancy may even connect it with the ubiquitous *musca* of entomology. Even when we see what it is and that it is etymologically correct, we have to confess that it seems almost as hybrid as "sexology." At all events, it is more ingenious than euphonious, more curious than alluring.

One trouble is that it is extremely recent. It is so new and rare that it is not yet listed in any general English dictionary or in any catalogue of English musical terms. I doubt whether it even occurs in Grove's big "Dictionary of Music and Musicians." Yet it has been creeping in as a twentieth-century innovation. We may guess that it was suggested by the French *musicologie*, or perhaps coined to match the German *Musikwissenschaft*. Like them, it plainly means "the science of music"—a phrase, however, which has often been loosely used, in America at least, for the theory of composition, and which, therefore, does not at all express the proper sense of "musicology," if the latter corresponds to its French and German analogues. Assuming that there is a more general "science of music," for which a single technical term is required, "musicology" offers points of practical convenience. It resembles many other words ending in "-ology" or "-logy." It yields several handy derivatives, such as "musicologist" (or "musicologue"), "musicological," and the like. And, being new, it is free from entangling associations.

We may conclude, then, that the word will take its place in usage if its proper meaning justifies it. We need it if it represents

a significant and valuable conception. The purpose of the present essay is to take up some questions about the nature and bearings of the conception that seems to stand behind the word.

Before entering on the discussion we should note that at intervals during the last half-century there have been efforts to make encyclopaedic classifications of musical knowledge, mostly under the head of *Musikwissenschaft*. Under this word in Riemann's "Musik-Lexikon" (since 1905 at least) will be found references to essays as far back as 1863, and Riemann himself has issued a significant small manual entitled "Grundriss der Musikwissenschaft" (1908). There is a considerable amount of fragmentary material scattered about in numerous periodicals and books. Every writer who attempts to frame general surveys of musical facts, efforts or ideals is forced to give some space to fundamental classifications of this sort.

Special interest attaches to the schemes of Adler and Riemann. Adler makes an excellent distinction between the "historical" and the "systematic" methods of treatment. Under historical lines of study he enumerates those concerning (a) Notation and all methods of record, (b) Art-forms and the resulting classes of musical work, (c) Composition or the inner texture of works, and (d) Instruments. Under this head he names as collateral sciences Palaeography, Chronology, Diplomatics, Literary and Liturgical History, Biography—all these being special methods of research which may be applied to many other subjects besides music. Under systematic lines of study he ranks those concerning (a) Speculative Theory (i. e., pertaining to harmony, rhythm, meter), (b) Aesthetics, (c) Pedagogics, (d) Musicology (i. e., ethnological or comparative investigation). Collateral sciences here are Acoustics, Physiology, Psychology, Logic, Grammar, Pedagogy, Aesthetics. This classification is largely dictated by a knowledge of the kinds of publication that German scholarship has evolved. It bears marks of being made by a mind trained bibliographically and familiar with the traditional German encyclopaedic categories. It is more practically serviceable than theoretically satisfying. Its "systematic" division is less useful than the "historical." The application of "musicology" to comparative, ethnological research is surprising, and must be set aside as arbitrary.

Riemann's latest classification is much simpler, having but five main divisions: (a) Acoustics, (b) Tone-Physiology and Tone-Psychology, (c) Musical Aesthetics, (d) The Theory of Composition, (e) Music-History. This leaves out too much, and confuses

logical categories. Surely Music-History should not be ranked as in any way co-ordinate with disciplines like Acoustics or Physiology, for reasons that will appear more fully as we proceed.

Consideration of such schemes of classification as these brings sharply into view one of the initial difficulties of the general subject before us. What is to be included under the term "music"? Every practical worker is apt to draw some arbitrary circle for himself and to assume that only what lies within it is worthy of regard. Even thoughtful scholars are in danger of being unduly influenced by what we may call the incidents of publication, allowing the range of their thought to be fixed by the literary data before them. All may slip into some rut of popular or traditional thinking without realizing it. No great harm is done by such narrowness in many instances. But it is certainly obstructive to success in those inclusive, encyclopaedic surveys which evidently are suggested by "musicology." Here genuine scholarship must guard itself against every species of provincialism, from the pettiness of the ignorant to the snobbery of professed culture. Its outlook must be determined, as far as may be, not by the impulses of personal preference or prejudice, not by the demands of practical instruction, not even by the problems of library economy and system, but by the essential possibilities of the subject. "Musicology," if it is to rank with other comprehensive sciences, must include every conceivable scientific discussion of musical topics.

The truth is that in these latter days the territory of thought and action comprised under the word "music" has become almost disconcertingly large. The art proves to belong to all the centuries and to blossom in the soil of every civilization. Like what is called "literature," it takes on forms and idioms suited to every class, not excepting the most immature and even the very illiterate. Being an art that requires personal interpreters beyond all other arts, it calls into action a gigantic army of professional exponents, whose equipment and discipline constitute a striking branch of what we usually call "education." Its larger undertakings involve extraordinary outlays in the way of apparatus and personnel, and these, together with the still more extraordinary endeavors of publication to provide its technical literature, give it a huge share in the domain of "business." Inasmuch as a major part of its expression is sought with the help of implements that we call "instruments," it summons to its aid a host of mechanical principles and devices—far more in number and importance than is commonly known, even by those otherwise well-informed. Dealing with lines of expression and aesthetic effect that are more

varied, intense and penetrating than those of any other fine art, and yet standing apart from all other fine arts in some of its most characteristic operations, it presents a fascinating array of psychical problems, pertaining not only to individual experience, but to collective social experience. These problems multiply before the inquirer the more because the art of music is not content to pursue its own peculiar paths alone, but shows a notable aptitude for composite undertakings in conjunction with various lines of effort that are essentially non-musical. And music still evinces the capacity for development, so that it is certain that it is not yet by any means a completed art.

In the light of considerations like these it is clear that "music" as a department of human interest and action is no small subject. If there is or should be a special science devoted to it, that science must be conceived with reference to what "music" already is and what it may become. "The world of music"—to use a convenient phrase—is extremely complex. It includes both subjective experiences and objective things, facts, principles, laws, processes, products, utensils, creators, organizations, institutions, powers, ideals. Any or all of these may be taken as topics of scientific scrutiny, and such scrutiny ought to yield something toward the building up of a comprehensive "science of music." Here, then, we may expect to find the field of "musicology." Whether that field is worth having a specific name depends mainly upon two things—whether it is skilfully cultivated, and whether its essential connections with cognate fields are judiciously made manifest.

The starting-point in a constructive discussion of "musicology," as most writers realize, is the distinction between the art of anything, and the science of it. The two are not the same, even when they deal with the same materials. In the field of music, the artistic is the side of practical action, largely controlled by intuition, feeling, imagination; while the scientific is the side of logical or rational examination, descriptive, analytic, definitive, philosophical. The goal of the former is the actual creation of music or the production of musical effects. The goal of the latter is the investigation of this artistic process in all its factors, elements, aspects and meanings. Hence in music, as always in such cases, the science of the art is subsequent to the development of the art itself, and is usually advanced chiefly by others than those to whom the art itself owes most. This fact often occasions a certain apparent chasm between the two classes of workers, due to the radical difference between the processes used by them respectively, even when it is evident that they are really working in the same

general field. On the whole, I think that the want of sympathy is usually greater on the side of the artistic worker. Yet we may be sure that every powerful artist works with a large amount of implicit science at his command, and that all well-reasoned science tends to supply a broader and sounder basis for artistic procedure. Surely, if artists are moved to exercise their powers with a full sense of the social and moral relations of their art, they cannot avoid just those habits of historical, critical and philosophical reflection upon it which are distinctly scientific in nature.

The word "science" embraces both the act of finding what there is to know, with whatever further processes of thought may be needed to co-ordinate and interpret what is discovered, and also the total result—the body of knowledge secured. It is applied both to a process and to its result. If our thought rests mainly upon the process, we say that science involves discovery, investigation, sifting, verification, codification, classification, definition, explanation, elucidation and the like. If we think mainly of the result—as we do when we speak comprehensively of some particular science—we must divide the total body of ascertained truth in accordance with the nature of the subject treated. Hence an encyclopaedic view of any special science necessitates an attempt to state what are the essential components of the field of fact, thought and effort which that science covers. "Musicology" can be properly defined only by describing in outline what is the field of "music" which is its subject.

My aim in the present essay is not to advocate a particular scheme of scientific thought about music, but only to discuss the usefulness of the kind of thinking that leads to the formation of such schemes. For purposes of illustration, however, it may be well to add to the outlines already mentioned still another that is made in a somewhat different way. In the main this is like that which I suggested in 1888 at a meeting of the Music Teachers' National Association in Chicago.

Inasmuch as all musical art is conditioned upon the phenomena of sound, especially those relating to tones and their various dynamic and metric arrangements, the first division in our scheme may well be *Musical Physics* (or *Acoustics*, if this term can be made sufficiently broad), including everything about the nature, transmission and interrelations of tones, so far as these data are employed for musical purposes. Due place must be made here for many facts under the heads of Metrics and Rhythemics, and perhaps for some aspects of Mechanics that have a bearing upon practical music-production.

Upon these physical phenomena as a basis—or using them as building-materials—the human mind proceeds in experiencing those notions, judgments, impulses, and purposes which are distinctively musical. Hence our second division is *Musical Psychics*, including all that is known or can be discovered about the origin, character and operation of these psychological phenomena. Until rather recently this has been a hazy and chaotic branch of musical science, occasionally running off into strange disquisitions that seem almost as mediaeval as astrology or alchemy. But trained observers are now rapidly rescuing the subject from its insignificance.

When musical ideas are expressed through the medium of tone, the objective procedure presents many special constructive or architectonic features, which are more or less analogous to the structural characteristics of speech. Music, we say, has its morphology, syntax and rhetoric, like a language, and its art-forms resemble those of literature. Hence our third division is *Musical Poetics* (using this term in its ancient Greek sense), including whatever pertains to the essential method or form of expression, regarded as a process of invention or manufacture. This, of course, must be one of the largest and most conspicuous of all our divisions, since it takes in most of what is usually called “the theory of composition,” with many of the results of biographical research and the analytical criticism of works and styles. Because it is so extensive, it is open to much subdivision.

Since all artistic expression has for one of its prime purposes the appeal to a percipient (in music, to a hearer), involving both effects upon the senses and reactions through the senses upon the mind, our fourth division is *Musical Aesthetics*, including both aural physiology, so far as concerned in the perception of musical effects, and aesthetics proper. It needs to be said that the word “aesthetics” has sometimes been used very loosely in musical discussion, so as to include some topics that are better classified elsewhere.

Musical expression never has precision or permanence unless in some way it is recorded for preservation and dissemination. Hence our fifth division is *Musical Graphics* (or *Semeiotics*, if a somewhat more general term is desired), including everything pertaining to notation, whether manual or mechanical. This division is important because the recording of music differs much from all other forms of graphic symbolism. Here belong large bodies of facts pertaining to music-publishing.

Musical expression, furthermore, never occurs without employing certain implements or tools by which it is said to be

"performed." Hence our sixth division is *Musical Technics*, including two great subdivisions, (a) Instruments, which comprise both the human voice and an indefinite number of mechanical forms, and (b) Technique, the usual name for the methods in which instruments, whether vocal or mechanical, are artistically used. Here belong such topics as vocal physiology, instrument-making, and various kinds of technical gymnastics.

It remains to observe that music is very extensively used in combinations and applications that involve elements that are wholly non-musical. It is "applied" to various purposes that are not distinctively its own. It thus acquires a composite character that is often hard to analyze, and may even take on tendencies which are not connected with its own nature. Hence our seventh and last division in the present classification is *Musical Practics*, including, for example, its unions with the literary arts, especially poetry and the drama, with dancing and all bodily evolutions, with the dignified branch of religion known as liturgics, with hygiene and therapeutics, with the extensive institution of general education, with social undertakings on behalf of amusement, culture and the like, etc. No one knows how many subdivisions ought to be enumerated here, since it is one of the glories of musical art that its practical applications seem infinite.

Broad as is the scope of these seven divisions of musical science, they do not suffice for a comprehensive definition. These differ from each other in the objects taken for consideration, in their data or topics. We cannot forget that another series is secured if we differentiate by the method pursued and the end in view. The same data may be handled in more than one way. And if musical art in general is like other large subjects of scientific treatment, it is likely that the science of it must be defined methodologically as well as topically. Our first series of divisions or branches was determined by looking at what is most characteristic of music. The second series is determined by the essential nature of all scientific investigation, whether applied to music or something else. To make this distinction clear requires a brief statement of scientific procedure in general.

Sciences properly begin with facts, which are said to be "ascertained" when they are critically observed, verified and exactly recorded. As the body of ascertained facts upon any topic accumulates, they become objects of logical examination so as to reduce them to groups or classes about which collective statements can be made, and, if possible, to arrive by induction at the general truths which they embody or illustrate. Upon the

basis of such synoptic treatment the attempt is usually made to frame special presentations of selected data so as to serve this or that particular purpose of information, instigation or education. Scientific results of all kinds are made known for preservation and reference by publication. As publication proceeds and becomes elaborate there is a gradual advance from the stage of detached and tentative personal opinions toward that of relatively settled and unified collective opinion. It is to this developed stage of thought regarding any field that the name of "the science" of that field is ordinarily applied. Since this mature science—like a mature art—represents a social habit of thought, it has many of the qualities of what we call an "institution." Although built up by the efforts of individuals, it finally acquires a standing that seems independent of its creators. It then seems to maintain itself and to grow with a vitality of its own.

Now, as the growth of any science advances, a separation tends to take place between different ways of treating the materials at hand. In most fields of study the two general scientific processes or methods of treatment which are of the highest importance are (as Adler recognizes in his scheme above noted) the historical and the systematic. The aim of the historical method is to arrange facts in their various chronological relations, with special reference to the course of progressive development and to the personal and other factors concerned in that development. With many subjects, where evolution has been long continued, this method takes precedence of all others. But in other subjects, where the emphasis falls on the present status or condition of things, prominence belongs to the systematic or analytic method, the aim of which is nicety, penetration and completeness of logical definition and classification. History as a science views facts horizontally, in their sequence in time, while System views them vertically, in their static logical relations. The facts regarded may be substantially the same in the two cases, but the methods employed and the aims in view are different, so that the results are diverse.

Still other methods are conceivable. Thus in many fields the critical or judicial method is called for. The aim of this is to arrange facts with reference to certain standards of relative excellence or success. Here science merges with what is often called philosophy, since the facts are not only compared with each other, but also measured somewhat by ideals. Again, in many fields importance attaches to some constructive or pedagogical method, the aim of which is progress or culture, either by raising the

standards of thought in general or by bringing such standards to realization in an increasing number of minds. Here, also, science becomes decidedly idealistic.

In a field like that of music all these four methods are possible and desirable. Each may be pursued more or less alone, or they may be combined in various proportions. The field is so large that we may speak of its scientific treatment as dividing into *Musical History*, *Musical Encyclopaedia* (to use the technical term for scientific taxonomy), *Musical Criticism*, and *Musical Pedagogy*. This series of four needs to be distinguished from the previous series of seven, simply because arrived at by a different path. Only as both series are in mind do we approach a fair sense of Musical Science in its totality. Or, to put it in another way, Musical Science must allow for the pursuit of any one of its seven topical branches by any one of the four leading methods of consideration. If this distinction is sound, it will be seen why objection arises to both Adler's and Riemann's schemes as given above. In both of them there seems to be a confusion of categories.

Before leaving this question of the scope and plan of Musical Science it is only fair to say that there is one branch of "music" as a large social fact which is hard to classify in any scheme, and yet for which some suitable place must be found. This is the branch which includes those associations, organizations or collective business enterprises whose object is to produce or disseminate musical knowledge or implements on a large scale. The difficulty about these is to determine what is their essential nature. At one moment they appear to be so much a part of the total enterprise of "music" in the world that they should be ranked as an eighth member of our first series—perhaps with some technical name like *Musical Synergistics!* At another moment they seem to be merely economic or co-operative expansions of practical efforts with a pedagogical or constructive intention. The enterprises of the modern business world known as choral societies, permanent orchestras, opera-companies, associations of teachers, publishing-houses, periodicals, and the like, are surely too important not to receive full consideration and classification.

Whatever may be thought about this debatable point, or even about other points in the foregoing scheme—which it will, be remembered, is here introduced only by way of illustration—it is obvious that any "science of music" must in some way include such branches of knowledge as have been indicated. Such a field of research and doctrine must be what a term like "musicology" is designed to cover. If "musicology" were a recognized and

settled science, there would be no need of the details which are here suggested. At present, however, we are confronted by the peculiar situation that the majority of those who, as musicians, are most concerned with the facts, theories and implications of "musicology" hardly realize that it exists. And the general world of scientific specialism is still less aware of this newcomer into the domain of "the ologies." Of course, there is no real difficulty in showing that "musicology" is already far advanced in range, dignity and power. It is enough to point to the thirty volumes containing the papers of the International Musical Society since 1899, or the extraordinary "Denkmäler" published in more than one country, or the monumental histories and biographies of high rank. Musical scholarship is fully equal in ability to scholarship in any other field whatsoever. But its total impression upon the general world of thought is slight, partly because its well-equipped workers are relatively few, partly because scientists in other fields are too busy with their own affairs to keep up with what has been going on here for several decades, partly because many who are proud to be called musicians have the habit of waxing scornful over people who merely study and write "about music."

The chasm between the artistic and the scientific worker is most noticeable in the field of the fine arts. It has been somewhat obliterated in arts not usually called "fine." The arts of medicine and surgery, of war by land or sea, of government and social progress—all these and many more are not divorced from their companion sciences. But the only fine art whose artists and scientists have much visible sympathy is the art of literature. Probably this situation is due to the comparative intangibility of the factors with which creative art does its best work. Something is also due to the intense subjectivity of the artistic life. These explanations, however, do not entirely explain, much less justify, the fact. When once an artist in any field has exercised his mind scientifically, or a scientist has sought for artistic accomplishment, he is bound to see that the two sorts of mental operation are not only equally normal and delightful, but that both are essential to well-rounded mentality. They are complementary, not antagonistic.

I set this down in general terms, applying it to all arts rather than simply to music, because when it is affirmed of music it is often called special pleading. The point is strong as regards music, not because an indefinite number of apt illustrations can be cited in the musical realm, but because it is always and everywhere strong. Knowing and doing, reasoning and accomplishing, science

and art—these belong together in healthy, normal life. They cannot be dissociated. One can, however, focus his attention so much upon one side as to push it into undue prominence and thus partially to cripple power. Artistic workers, especially musicians, have good cause for complaint that the so-called scientific world does not show proper respect or sympathy for what they are doing. But they need to remember that they, on their part, have not always kept themselves sensitive on the scientific side, and that by their disdain they have often alienated those who would apply scientific methods to artistic subjects. An essay like this cannot do much to alter the faulty mental habits of individuals. But it is possible to instance some specific ways in which scientific research interlocks with artistic effort. Without attempting anything comprehensive, let us now indicate certain points of utility of musicological studies for music and musicians.

Of the branches of "musicology" that we have named the one whose utility would be conceded most freely is Musical History, including not only details about composers and famous works, but accounts of the development of forms and styles of composition, of instruments, of methods of performance, of notation, and of the social applications of music. The popular use of historical text-books and their introduction into schools have made many minds familiar with this type of scientific inquiry, at least in its summary form. The benefit of all kinds of history, as reported in such reference-books, lies both in the substantial information supplied and in the stimulus of "the historical imagination," without which no amount of information is worth much. History ought to place things before the student as the results of some sort of vital growth, as expressions of living forces, both those of individual personality and those of periods and races, as evidences of the expanding spirit of humanity. Much of this benefit is possible for those who merely aim to absorb books in which history is furnished in partially predigested shape. But the best good comes from doing some investigating for one's self. It is true that only those with exceptional training, peculiar access to materials, and leisure for long and hard labor can hope to discover and publish that which is new to the scientific world. But a humbler type of "original research" is possible for all, that which discovers to the student what he knew only from "authorities." Every such effort toughens the muscles of the reasoning faculties, and helps to set us free from the bondage to mere tradition and the idolatry of mere authority which debilitate the mind like insidious poisons.

In the field of Criticism musicians are sometimes more voluble than impressive. The artistic temperament is apt to be intense in its likes and dislikes, and is often lavish in the utterance of its prejudices. No sensible person would doubt the potential value of the critical judgments of artistic workers, but we may demand that they be based upon scientific foundations, that is, be accurate and clear in their references, embody real knowledge both of historical relations and of essential details of analysis, and show the working of sane and consistent principles of estimation. Sound criticism is not the froth of sentiment or the vapor of whimsicality, and emptiness of inner content cannot be hidden under a voluminous costume of rhetoric. Critical valuations are properly the fruit of exact analysis and comparison, often of the driest and dreariest sort, and they involve not only extensive knowledge, but much intellectual acumen. In spite of the difficulty of making them well, it is to be wished that more musicians would undertake them in earnest. The exercise would be of immediate benefit to them in judging their own productive work, and in opening the door for others into the domain of genuine music-appreciation. And such exercises tend to disclose the importance and the fascinating possibilities of one great branch of musical science. Criticism is properly the division of "musicology" which binds together history and theory on the one side with constructive and pedagogical effort on the other. But it can fulfill its mission only when in thoughtful thoroughness it stands abreast of its colleagues.

We may well add here a few words about the use in musical circles of scientific Pedagogy. The extent of the "music-teaching" industry is almost appalling. In every city, town and hamlet "teachers of music" multiply almost as fast as physicians and lawyers. If this were a sure token of abounding musical vitality in modern life, we could only give thanks. But there are signs that in too many cases neither teachers nor taught have high or large notions of what they are about. Much of the process, though naturally claiming to be educational, is not far from being the exercise of a clever trade or even the perpetration of a pathetic swindle. Now, I am not one who believes much in what is often called "pedagogy" in these days, if that means an abstract, generalized science of teaching. Accordingly, I am not solicitous that every music-teacher shall be "pedagogically trained" before he may teach, though science may help art here as everywhere else. But I would most earnestly plead for the importance for every teacher of being so grounded in *what* he is to teach that

pedagogical skill and wisdom shall spring up almost unconsciously. For what is pedagogical method as applied to any subject? Is it not essentially an idealistic grasp of the subject itself? Does it not stand where we have placed it in our analysis a few paragraphs back, as the fourth member in the series of which history, system and criticism are the first three? History mostly looks backward over the past. System and criticism regard both past and present. Pedagogy faces toward the future, not so much the long vista of time, but the immediate future of the pupil. The pedagogical treatment of music, to be truly effective, involves a fairly profound sense of what music may be and ought to be for the pupil, which means, of course, that back of the act of teaching shall be a large experience on the teacher's part of what music is. Hence we may speak of pedagogical method as "ideal and constructive." Surely, while this is the highest and most difficult of the great branches of scientific effort, it is also the most useful and the most rewarding.

In these last remarks about history, criticism and pedagogy I would not imply that musicians are wholly devoid of scientificness. My impression is rather that the best of them are far more scientific than they know. My one contention is that they might greatly augment both their delight in their art and their power in its exercise if they would frankly discover that they are "musicologists" and that their artistic work is helping to the better establishment of "musicology." Let us now enlarge the argument by referring briefly to one or two of the aspects of music which have marked scientific possibilities.

It is hardly necessary to argue for the utility of that branch of science which deals with the construction of music—what we have called Musical Poetics. The pupils of our numerous music-schools are mostly bent upon "making music," either primarily by composition or secondarily by performance. To be a music-maker is to most minds what it means to be a musician. It is being seen more and more clearly that the adequate exercise of this artistic function necessitates discipline and training, a large part of which must be more scientific than artistic. The would-be composer must in some way master the theory or science of harmony, of form, of instrumentation, of style, not that he may presently apply parrotwise a system of manufacturing rules, but that he take advantage of all that has been discovered as to the principles of fashioning or building musical structures. He must know a large number of masterpieces, representing more than one type or tendency, expressing manifold varieties of mood and personality, and using this or that means of embodiment. These forms of knowledge

or science, to be productive, must be exact and thorough, analytic and systematic. Only on the basis of such discipline can artistic creation in these days set forth with assurance or dignity. Every great composer of the last half-century has been a musical scientist of distinction. Similar remarks may be made about performers, if they are to be genuine interpreters. Interpretation implies the power to think music as the composer thought it, to tread in his footprints the path of creative inspiration. Performers, too, rise into real eminence only through such discipline as makes them potential composers, in close sympathy and fellowship with those whose works they reproduce. They, too, need to know the whole scientific framework of the art, not simply in the form of vague intuitions and "feelings," but by the stern discipline of study. To-day, more than ever before, all superior singers, players and conductors are musical scientists. One of the main reasons why so many "practical musicians" amount to so little as composers and performers is because this need of grounding in the science of the art is not properly realized.

What has just been said has a certain hackneyed quality. It is substantially what is always being said, without being much heeded. But another line of thought follows naturally which is not so common. *Musical Poetics* offers something more than good discipline for composers and performers. There is room in it for considerable original research, even of a sort that launches out into the unknown. The last word has not been spoken in the acute, logical analysis of the ways in which tone-materials have actually been employed and fitted together by composers, especially those of recent date. And, surely, all the possibilities of the subject have not been explored. When one considers how in the last decades the traditional limits and habits of composition have been stretched or transformed by men like Schumann, Wagner and Brahms, by Strauss and Reger, by Debussy and other impressionists, by Tschaikowsky, Grieg and Dvořák, by Elgar and MacDowell—not to speak of hosts of others—he does not need to be told that for two generations or more composers have been making incessant journeys of exploration into unknown or uncharted regions. I am not here speaking of the general freshness of the artistic inspiration of these writers, or of the quality of their "message," but only of the novelty of the structural procedures which they employ. In their search for expression or effect they have proved themselves inventors in construction. Everywhere we see expansions of harmonic and contrapuntal theory. There is a wealth of unprecedented rhythmic and metric patterns. Both

the details and the ensemble of form assume new aspects. Tone-effects that are best described as those of "color" rather than contour are insistently tried in every combination. All this suggests that the science of Musical Poetics is still plastic and incomplete. Much that our fathers considered "settled" is now felt to be only transitional. Much that we ourselves think is axiomatic and inevitable may be only the characteristic idiom of the class or school that happens now to be dominant. Remarks like these are not made out of a spirit of radicalism or iconoclasm. A good deal of the restlessness of the advanced musical world is probably only feverish or morbid. But let us always hold the door wide open for anyone who, either by close reasoning or even by a happy guess, shall show paths in composition that are untried or unknown. Such work may be almost wholly scientific in its first forms, but no one can tell to what artistic results it may lead.

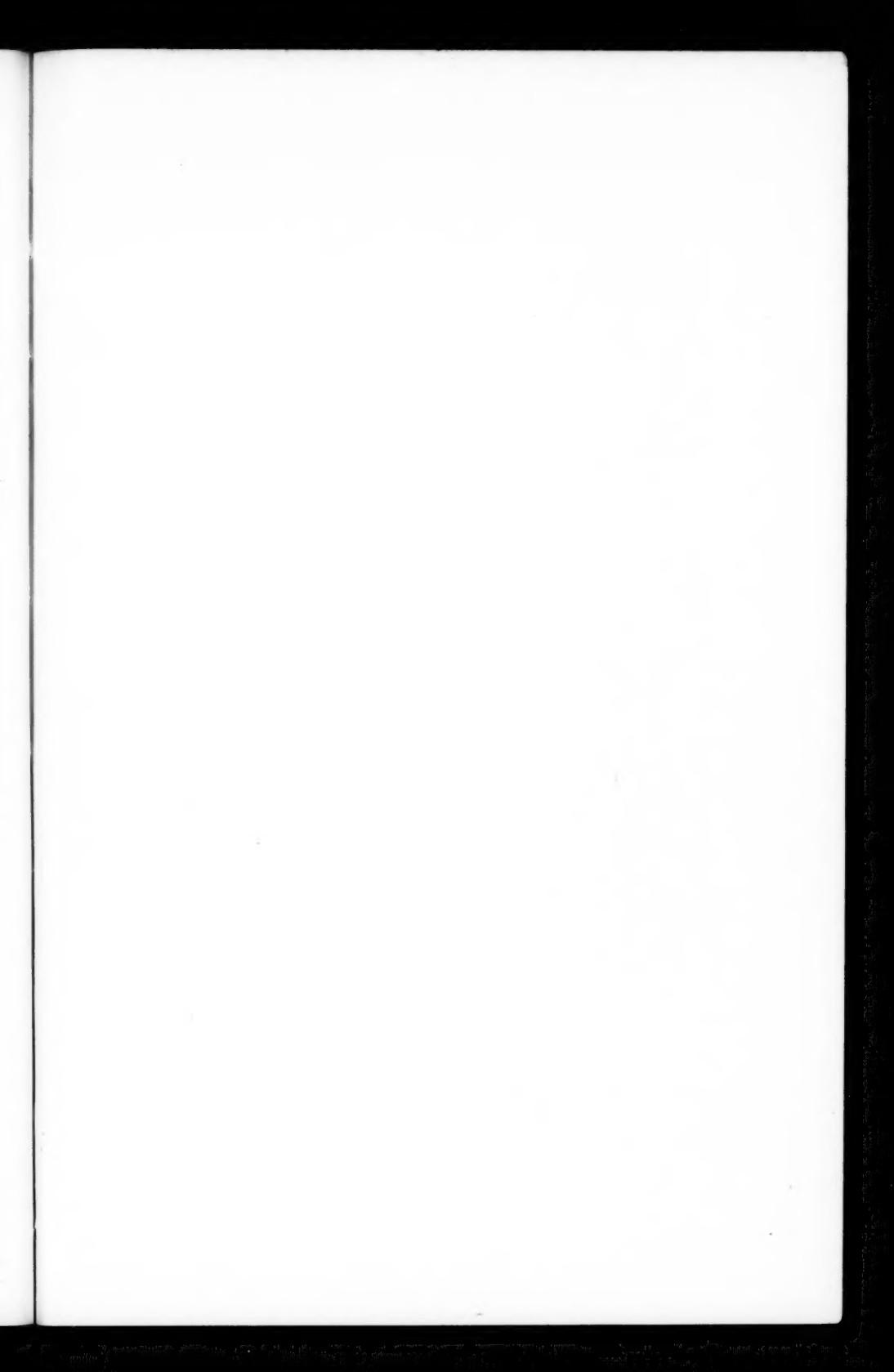
One almost hesitates even to mention the relation of science to art in one or two specialties of musical work where they seem usually not to be entirely amicable. We should expect that many of the facts of Acoustics would be emphasized in teaching the art of composition, and in the practical treatment of instruments, especially of the voice. In the phenomena of vocalization we encounter a blending of elements related on one side to acoustics, on the other to physiology, just as in instrumentation acoustics is combined with mechanics. A real grasp of questions of phonetics and of tone-color everywhere would seem to be possible only when their purely physical factors were exhaustively considered. Yet musical acoustics is not often given a strong place in musical education, and we often find much lack of sympathy between those who approach phonetics, for example, from the sides of the linguistic scientist and the elocutionary or singing-teacher respectively. The various parties in this and kindred areas of debate ought to get together under some reasonable *modus vivendi*. Each of them needs something that the others can supply. They belong in company and in fraternal co-operation.

Similar remarks are in order regarding the relation of acoustics, aural physiology and Musical Aesthetics, except that here scientific research has not been so much divorced from practical discussions. We may wonder, however, whether there are not large tracts of fact and theory that are worth the serious attention of those dealing with the popularization of musical art which as yet have not received careful consideration. What is to have "a musical ear"? What defects in this faculty interfere most

with musical appreciation? What can be done to remove or prevent such defects? These and other questions are scientific in nature, but artistic in practical bearing.

When we turn to the many applications of music as an art to the furtherance of institutions or interests that are not in themselves musical, it is obvious that the harmonization between whatever pertains to the theory of that with which music thus makes connection and whatever pertains to music in its adaptation to such special applications must be worked out by thought-processes that are in large measure scientific. In the last analysis it is probable that most of the difficulties and misunderstandings that occur, for example, in the liturgical or the educational applications of music, are due to some failure to employ the methods of critical definition and classification which every trained scientific worker uses constantly. To develop this point here would require more space than is available. But its general cogency is evident.

One concluding remark may not be out of place. It is likely that no one person, in these days of advanced specialism, can hope to be a full master of details in all branches of what has been called "musicology" in this article, or to be engaged in fruitful original discovery in many lines. But it is not too much to hope that more disciplined scholars in the musical circle will so familiarize themselves with the total range of the subject that they can in their own persons and work commend the science of music to the attention of both the scientific and the artistic worlds. It may even be that sometime there will be in the faculties of certain large institutions a professorship of "musicology," whose function shall be to unfold the broad outlines of the science and to demonstrate not only its intellectual dignity among other sciences, but its practical utility on a large scale to hosts of musicians and music-lovers.





To T. P. C.
from Elmer.
Boston April 24. 1915.

EDWARD MAC DOWELL

As I Knew Him

By T. P. CURRIER

I

LATE in the spring of 1905 I received a letter from Mrs. Mac Dowell containing these words: "Edward has broken down completely, and we are crushed. . . . O! If we had never left Boston!"

This letter was written from Hill Crest, the farm at Peterboro, N. H., where Mac Dowell had been taken immediately after his first pronounced collapse in New York.

* * * *

Out of the entire company gathered to meet the young American composer at his first formal appearance in Boston in the autumn of 1888, it would be safe to say that not one could have dreamed that the man who returned their greetings with boyish cordiality, sincerity and gratification, would have come to so untimely an end.

Mac Dowell, as he appeared to them, was a picture of robust manliness. His finely shaped head, carried a little to one side, was well set on slightly drooping shoulders. His very dark hair was close-cut, for he had no liking for the "artistic pose." There was about him no trace of the "professional artist," save perhaps in the stray lock prematurely streaked with grey that would persistently fall on his broad forehead, and in the Kaiser-like curl of his light sandy moustache, which at that time was balanced by a fairly large goatee. His skin was light and clear, showing a slight color in his rather delicately rounded cheeks. Light blue eyes, with light bordering of eye-brows and lashes, a well-cut aquiline nose, and an agreeable mouth and firm chin, completed what any one would immediately call a handsome face.

It was equally expressive. Even casual acquaintance could read in it a kindly disposition, strong sense of humor, energy and determination. In conversation he regarded one frankly and intently; and his face mirrored with extreme quickness his instinctive

response. Anything pleasant or humorous would bring a lively twinkle into the eyes, rapid winking of eye-lids, and a contagious smile, or deep hearty laugh, as the case might be. Profuse compliments would be received with a mingled look of boyish bashfulness and sly suspicion.

Like any artist, Mac Dowell was made happy by appreciation. But somehow, keenly as he inwardly enjoyed the good opinions of others, he could seldom quite subdue doubts of the sincerity behind the compliments. In a letter to me he writes, "You know that I always take things, (praise) with a liberal allowance of salt." It was this sudden uprising of his super-sensitive nature that often held his warmest admirers in check, even while his generally winning personality, like a lode-stone, drew them to him.

Opinions and statements expressed to him, especially those pertaining to music and its profession, would immediately command serious attention: and, it might be added, more frequently than otherwise, engender opposition on his part. For Mac Dowell found it difficult to agree with most of his contemporaries on these subjects. It was then that the twinkle became a glint, and the humorous expression one of aggressive determination. You could not regard him at such times without feeling that here was a man, not only of keen comprehension and power, but one not to be trifled with on matters dear to his heart.

These evidences of strong character were intensified by his bodily appearance. He looked strong. And his strength was practically evinced by his surprisingly vital hand-grasp; no surprise, however, to those who knew his inherent strength of limb. His arms, the special reservoir of power to the pianist, were as solid as those of a trained athlete. His hands were finely but strongly made; and in tramping he knew no fatigue. Mac Dowell, had he not had innate aversion to exercise for the mere sake of physical well-being, might easily have had a body to match his uncommonly strong and active brain.

In fact, strength and determination were his dominating characteristics. They were, however, seldom markedly apparent in ordinary intercourse. His easy good-nature, and especially his extraordinary sense of humor, were far more frequently observable. This last quality was continually betraying itself in eye and lip. It might be said by those who knew him well, that all sorts and conditions of men, their appearance and utterances, seemed to afford him unending food for humorous reflection.

Such was the man so cordially greeted by the large gathering, representative of the professional life and culture of musical Boston

which Mr. B. J. Lang had called together at his house that night in the autumn of 1888. Happily married, hopeful, filled with the desire to do everything possible for his art in his native country, with twenty-nine years behind him, he himself was looking forward eagerly to a life of productive work.

During the last months of his residence in Wiesbaden, he had begun to grow weary of the restraint of life in Germany. He longed for the greater freedom and the stimulus of his native land. Although he had been a stranger to it for many years, he was a true American, and intensely patriotic; and he felt that his place was here. Pressure had already been exerted to induce him to settle in New York. But an interview with Mr. Lang in the summer of 1888 fixed his determination to choose Boston. He knew that this musician, who in those days might well have been termed the friend of all rising composers, had already made Boston's musical circles familiar with many of his compositions. He wanted to be where American musical life was sufficiently active, yet where he could find a quiet home, make a living, and have many undisturbed hours for further composition. For these reasons Boston appealed to him. And the early autumn of 1888 found him settled in a cosy suite in the old-world-like surroundings of the West End.

II

Those who are acquainted with Lawrence Gilman's delightful book, are largely familiar with Mac Dowell's European experiences. His had been a full and arduous life. From the age of fifteen to the year he married and settled in Wiesbaden, to compose in earnest, he had worked ceaselessly and suffered much. Good fortune, it is true, had come to him in invaluable ways. The terrible grind of the Paris Conservatoire gave him at least a technique which needed only the finishing touches of Carl Heymann to make it complete, and in a sense unique. Joachim Raff was a father to him, grounding him thoroughly in composition and handing him wise, straight-from-the-shoulder criticism. Then there was Louis Ehlert who gave him generous help; and last of all Liszt, who became acquainted and impressed with Mac Dowell through the first Concerto, which the latter played before him. He expressed the wish to do everything possible for the young American, and undoubtedly would have eased his early struggles much more than he was destined to do. For at this time, one of the crises of Mac Dowell's life, Liszt died. It was a distinct shock and grief to Mac Dowell, for it practically meant the loss of his last influential friend in Germany.

He once spoke to me feelingly about his singular ill-luck in losing his four best friends at a time when he needed them most. Heymann became seriously ill in the early 80's. Raff died in 1882, Ehlert in 1884, and Liszt in 1886.

When Mac Dowell arrived at Wiesbaden in 1878, he showed fully the effects of his strenuous, nerve-racking labors in Paris. He was moody and depressed and knew scarcely which way to turn. And but for the kindly Ehlert, and later on Heymann and Raff, he might never have been known to fame. Heymann, himself, already suffering from ill-health, immediately took a strong fancy to him, and it was not long before he came to treat the young foreigner more like a brother than a pupil. Mac Dowell told me how happy he was at being permitted to go to Heymann's home and hear him practice. Heymann, he said, was a wonderful pianist. His trill and passage playing were marvelous. To sit beside him and hear him create tonal effects exquisite in delicacy and color, was a revelation to the student who had become wholly dissatisfied with the facile, empty pianism of Paris. To Heymann, Mac Dowell was doubly indebted. For during those fruitful months he not only learned how to create those effects which afterwards vivified his renderings of his own piano music; but this power undoubtedly influenced him decidedly in the construction of much of the singularly original passage work of his own compositions. Thus, with Heymann and Raff for teachers and friends, and Ehlert ever ready with good advice, Mac Dowell came to a clear understanding of what he wanted to do.

His extraordinarily fortunate and happy marriage in 1884 to Miss Marian Nevins, and the quiet, restful home-life at Wiesbaden, devoted wholly to composition, rounded out these eventful years in Germany. So that, mentally and physically at last in normal condition, he was quite ready to face the stress of existence in his native land.

III

The early months in Boston, however, in spite of the cordial reception, were not untinged with disappointment. Mac Dowell's fixed idea, as he said to me, was to teach for a living, and compose for his own pleasure. He desired particularly to teach composition; and he was eager to teach it in ways of his own, largely arrived at through the influence of Raff, ways, however, more or less contrary to methods then prevailing. His first shock was the discovery that students possessing creative talent were mostly conspicuous by their absence; and that to live, he must teach pianoforte

playing to any and all who had the price of lessons. Worst of all, to make himself "favorably known," he must play in public! To have to make himself "favorably known," was in fact, not over pleasing to one already with a European reputation. And to face the public as a pianist was at this time to him simply obnoxious.

During his last years in Germany he had become so absorbed in writing that his playing had suffered accordingly. He had renounced all idea of pursuing concert work, and, in spite of evidence to the contrary, he really adhered to his decision. For though circumstance compelled him the rest of his life into periodical appearances before the public, he always spoke of himself to intimates simply as a player of his own compositions. "I hate to practice," he said, "and if people think I don't play well,—well, I don't profess to;—I'm merely a composer-pianist."

The necessity for practicing and playing, however, was quickly forced upon him. Musical Boston was anxious to estimate for itself the ability of the young composer, whose music they liked. And the only way they could do so was through his public playing of the accepted repertory in general and his own compositions in particular.

The Kneisel Quartette offered an engagement. The Symphony audiences were ready to hear him interpret his concertos. The Harvard Musical Association asked him as an honored guest to their annual dinner, which meant that he would be expected to play. And the doors of private houses were open to him for their private musicales.

His first public appearance was at a Kneisel Quartette concert. He played the piano part of a quartette, and movements from his first Suite. His performance met with polite friendliness. It was not notably good, though certainly to Boston's ears notably strange. And it was therefore scarcely calculated to arouse enthusiasm.

Mac Dowell had no love for the string quartette, which, he said to me, was to him like so much "cold veal." It may easily be guessed also that ensemble playing was no more to his taste.

At the Harvard Musical Association dinner, the venerable John S. Dwight's cordial introduction of the distinguished young musician ended with the question, "would he speak or play?" The bashful streak was in full possession of Mac Dowell as he, replying inaudibly "I'll play," slid quickly toward the piano. Once there, however, his spirit of aggressive determination asserted itself. Falling on the keys with a power he would have used to fill old Music Hall, he launched into a performance which confounded the

conservatives of the Association, and delighted the rest. Winding up with his "Czardas," which he rushed through with terrifying speed, he hastened to his seat amid amazed applause. Later in the evening he played with Mr. Lang a "Tone-Poem" for two pianos by his dear friend Templeton Strong. By this time, the company, however pleased or displeased with his playing, was vibrantly aroused and interested. Like the "Czardas," this piece contained much rapid passage work, which fell largely to Mac Dowell. The performance, owing to the pace he set, together with the efforts of the elder pianist to keep up, was something the like of which the Association had perhaps never experienced.

Mac Dowell's playing that evening is dwelt upon because it largely influenced opinion regarding its merits in general. Soon it became apparent that the musical set then dominating Boston did not like his "method." The consensus was that his "scales" were extravagantly fast and blurred, his chord playing too loud, his effects too often vague and violent in contrast, and his use of the rubato and the soft pedal extreme.

It should be said, that at this time, at least, these opinions were not wholly astray. Mac Dowell was badly out of practice, and his hasty efforts at preparation were apparent. Moreover he was still wrathful over the necessity for playing at all, and still doggedly determined not to practice.

Gradually, nevertheless, compulsion had its due effect. By degrees he worked back into a state of technical efficiency, to the end that his performances of his Second Concerto with Thomas in New York, and the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Boston, in the spring of 1889, stamped his playing as distinctly virtuosic, even if it was not universally liked.

IV

Mac Dowell's playing was not only virtuosic; it possessed marked original qualities. It had, in a sense, little in common with that of the virtuosi of those days. His scale and passage playing were decidedly hazy. As he told me, he hated scales and arpeggi for their own sake; and the sole use he had for them was for the purpose of creating effects,—waves and swirls and rushes of sound that should merely fill their place in the tone-picture he desired to portray. His octaves and chord playing, too, were extremely powerful and often harsh in FF, and in PP hardly more clear than his passage playing. In accordance with his own viewpoint, he was always seeking for atmospheric and overtone effects, and to do so he made constant use of the "half-pedal" instead of

the full pedal, which latter would have cut things out too clearly to suit him. Add to this his equally constant use of the "soft" pedal, his sudden and extreme contrasts, and his thundering fortissimi, (fff), and it is not difficult to realize why as a pianist in general he failed at first to satisfy the cultivated listener of that period.

It was not until Mac Dowell appeared in recitals containing a large proportion of his own works, that he won hearty recognition even from those who had been coldly critical, and enraptured those to whom his playing had been from the first more comprehensible.

He had been in Boston three years before he brought himself to the point of returning to the concert platform. In the autumn of 1891, he announced a series of three recitals, to take place in the old Chickering Hall on Tremont Street. I well recall the first drafts of the programmes. They contained that "old chestnut," as he called it, the "Moonlight" Sonata, and a miscellaneous collection of stock pieces, but included only small groups of his own music.

I may be pardoned for referring to my part in their rearrangement. On looking them over, "My dear man," I said, "why do you make programmes like these? What the public wants is to hear you play your own music. You ought to cut out about half of these things and put in much more of your own."

"Get out!" he replied, (a favorite expression of his whenever one opposed his own notions). A few days later, however, he acknowledged that he had "changed the programmes somewhat."

At one of these recitals I sat with Templeton Strong. Strong had been Mac Dowell's dearest friend in Wiesbaden, where the two had worked and tramped together; and Mac Dowell had no sooner got well settled in Boston before he began to urge Strong to return also. But the latter did not share Mac Dowell's enthusiasm for his own country, and was far more devoted to life in the old world. He finally, however, consented to try living in his native land again, and had come that autumn to Boston.

On this programme was what afterwards became the slow movement of the "Sonata Tragica." This was the first part of that work which Mac Dowell wrote. I am not sure that he had even sketched the remaining movements. After listening to it Strong said, "Well, that is about the finest thing Mac Dowell has done yet."

The recitals were successful. His would-be admirers were for the first time able to estimate Mac Dowell's playing at its true worth. They appreciated his exquisite and vivid presentations

of his own music and were made to realize that a poet-pianist lived among them, whose gifts were not paled even by those of Paderewski himself.

At these recitals, also, Mac Dowell's pianistic limitations were made plain. His treatment of the Moonlight Sonata, for example, was erratic, and out of all proportion. For here he tried to create tonal effects to his own liking, with material that would not stand it. In spite of certain beautiful results attained by his radical interpretation, as a whole it lacked unity and Beethovenish feeling.

As an interpreter of the works of other composers, in general, Mac Dowell did not make a marked impression. The fact is that constant improvising and experimenting in the course of writing had quite habituated him to the pianistic style peculiarly suited to his own music. He was entirely out of the ruts of regular practice. To pin himself down to the demands of the standard repertory had grown beyond his patience. For similar reasons it was difficult for him in making programmes to find pieces that would harmonize with his own, and at the same time afford him opportunities for effective playing. He was fond of little things like the Bach Courante, (arranged by himself), and the prelude in C sharp minor, Schubert's Minuet in B minor and Impromptu in E flat, and he rendered them delightfully. His playing of Liszt's fourteenth Rhapsody, Balakireff's "Islamey" and other things of the kind, were virtuosic, but always left him disgusted. He said to me, "I used to play them real well!"

I am certain that, had he chosen the career of a concert pianist, he would have proved himself a virile and original interpreter. His pianistic ideals were high and exacting. He had the pianist-composer's love for great playing, and doubtless felt within himself the ability to take a place in the front ranks. But to meet the requirements he would have demanded of himself, meant giving up his life to piano playing, and this idea he scouted. He often expressed the longing to have some big works in hand, like, for example, the Schumann Fantasie. This was a favorite with him and in its rendering his imagination and technique would have found free play. Beethoven's Sonata Appassionata, and the first movement of Opus III also strongly appealed to him, and Liszt's Sonata as well. But the prime thing to him then, was time in which to compose. Practicing meant tremendous sacrifice; for not only had the pieces to be worked up, but certain weaknesses in his technique would have to be overcome.

Mac Dowell had been from the outset trained in a school where velocity first and last was the goal. Speed, indeed, coincided

with his temperament; and when in good practice he could sustain marvellous tempi. But the years devoted to composition had so weakened his control that, in his American recitals his fingers at times literally ran away with him, a thing, he told me, he always feared. Technical difficulties in general did not exist for him. Yet certain kinds troubled him. "I don't know what players mean when they talk of difficulties," he would say. "Passages they call hard are easy for me, and others they handle without trouble give me a lot." Again, "I wish I had as clean-cut a finger technique as so and so," naming certain well-known pianists.

These were the conditions that confronted him in his early recitals; for recitals were a very different matter from "getting through" a concerto with orchestra; and they only renewed at that time his determination to "quit the whole business."

No one, however, more quickly recognized and enthusiastically admired the art of the great players than Mac Dowell. The year following his settling in Boston, D'Albert gave his first concerts in this country. D'Albert was an old acquaintance, and had played with Mac Dowell the second piano part of the latter's first concerto before Liszt. He was then in his prime, both technically and emotionally, and his playing deeply stirred Mac Dowell. De Pachmann, too, excited his interest. That inexplicable pianist was in those days a wizard indeed. His overwhelming execution of Chopin's Double Third Study worked Mac Dowell's curiosity up to fever heat. After hearing it played several times, he made up his mind that the "trick" lay in the fingering. And one day he refingered the entire study, hoping thus to discover the secret of De Pachmann's unheard-of velocity. This fingering I cannot fully recall, but Mac Dowell excluded the fifth finger wherever possible and slid the second finger from D flat to C, going down,—thus anticipating Moszkowski's similar fingering.

But above all the others, to Mac Dowell, was Paderewski. When Mac Dowell first heard him in Boston, the two had never met, and the young American's modesty restrained him from seeking the great player's acquaintance. But Paderewski, learning that Mac Dowell was living in Boston, immediately sought occasion to meet the bashful young composer. It was during Paderewski's second visit to Boston that, in conversation with the late J. Montgomery Sears, he expressed his opinion that Mac Dowell was "wasting his time in teaching, when he was just the man to write an opera." Mr. Sears intimating his desire to further this idea, Paderewski gave a small dinner for the purpose of bringing Mac Dowell and Mr. Sears together. At that dinner were

Mr. and Mrs. Nikisch, Mr. and Mrs. William F. Athorp, Mr. and Mrs. Sears, Mac Dowell and myself. Later in the evening Mr. Sears had a long conversation with Mac Dowell, in which he urged the young composer to give up teaching and accept pecuniary aid from him for any length of time that might be required to "write an opera."

Mac Dowell was deeply touched by this sincere offer. His native independence, however, led him definitely to refuse it. He said to me, "I couldn't accept such a proposition. It would be too much like writing on order. And even if I tried, suppose the opera turned out no good!" And then his genuine modesty was revealed as he added, "but I'm mighty glad any one should think well enough of me to make it."

Mac Dowell's admiration of Paderewski and his playing was unbounded. His manipulation and effects were in complete accord with Mac Dowell's own ideals regarding pianistic art. Once, when sitting with me at a recital by the great Pole, he exclaimed with suppressed emotion, "That's what I call piano playing!" It was, I think, after that recital that he ran all the way across the Common to his house, fearing to meet some one who might stop him "to talk," and thus break into his impressions.

If his feelings aroused by Paderewski's playing are contrasted with those he experienced after hearing later on another pianist, celebrated for his unsurpassed technique, what Mac Dowell liked and disliked in piano-playing may be readily inferred. "It's wonderful," he said, "but you get so sick of hearing those perfect runs in double-thirds trickling up and down the key-board!" Mere technical display, however masterly, left him cold. And I quote these remarks because they indicate clearly what was in his mind when he sat at the piano himself.

Perhaps the advent of these celebrated pianists helped to stir within Mac Dowell his old liking for public playing. In any case, all his early student life had been bent towards this end, and he had known success. Most of all, he felt the composer's natural longing to have his own works heard; and he knew that if that were to be, he must exploit them himself. He had already played for the first time his "Sonata Tragica," at a Kneisel concert. For this initial performance I can fairly claim to have been the promoter. Talking one day to Mr. Comee, manager of the Quartette, I intimated that, if Mr. Kneisel desired, he could induce MacDowell to play it at one of his concerts. This suggestion was promptly acted upon; MacDowell saying to me after he was engaged: "You must have piled it on thick to Comee!"

Both the Sonata and Mac Dowell's playing compelled deep admiration and respect. The critics wrote enthusiastically of the Sonata as an important addition to piano literature, and no less warmly of Mac Dowell's dramatic presentation of it.

Thus encouraged, he announced in the following year a recital to take place in the old Steinert Hall, where the Hotel Touraine now stands. The programme contained the Sonata Tragica, and others of his own works. Mac Dowell had this time practiced hard, and hoped to make the recital an emphatic success. Unfortunately, however, the hard work brought catastrophe in its wake. Shortly before the recital he broke the nail of one finger, with the result that on the day announced he was suffering constant pain. He made a brave beginning and actually got through about half of the Sonata. Suddenly he stopped short. Rising, he held up his finger, explained its condition, invited the audience to "get their money back," and left the platform. The affair was a severe disappointment and discouragement to him, and he characterized it as one more instance when his "Demon of ill-luck got in his work."

But these feelings were not long allowed to remain uppermost. There were by now many demands for recitals from him. Clubs in various sections of the West sent importuning letters; and finally a manager induced him to embark upon concertizing in earnest.

He had two immediate reasons for entering the concert field. He had now completed three important piano works, which he naturally desired to have known; and any addition to his income was decidedly welcome, though material prosperity had in fact already come to him. At the beginning of his third season in Boston he was astonished at being literally besieged by would-be piano pupils. And that year for the first time in his life, he tasted the pleasure of pecuniary ease.

These sudden demands for his services in teaching and playing were a natural result of reports that had spread abroad concerning his activities in Boston. Pupils who could boast of having lessons from him extolled his pedagogic powers and were in raptures over his magnetic personality. Several new compositions written since coming to Boston, "Les Orientales," "Twelve Studies," containing the fascinating "Shadow Dance," and the "Twelve Virtuoso Studies," among which were the "Novelette," "Improvisation," and "March Wind," increased the general desire to hear in recital the genius who had become recognized not only as a poet-composer, but a poet-pianist.

The consequence of this great and sudden interest was that Mac Dowell now became more deeply interested than ever in playing. He studied to increase his own technical resources, making notable progress, as his subsequent performances proved. He planned also a large work on technique, of which he wrote two books only. For the more deeply he got into such experiments the more discouraged he became over the possibility of communicating his own views to others. Many were the discussions I had with him over technical ways and means. His final state of mind on this matter may be summed up in his reply to my question as to when he was going to finish his third book on technique, wherein he had planned to discuss pedalling, etc., and the more subtle ways of handling the piano: "Never," he said.

V

For about ten years Mac Dowell concertized, largely through the Middle West. He limited his tours generally to the three weeks of each winter following Christmas. The recitals were all arranged beforehand, and the renumeration was guaranteed. He was firm in his decision to waste no time in taking the chances of ordinary concert tours.

To pull himself together, so to say, for these tours, was something he always dreaded. The preparation for them required a large amount of mental and physical effort, which, as subsequently appeared, was altogether too much for him, and an effort he ought never to have made. Through every autumn, up to Christmas time, he worked exceedingly hard during many lesson hours. And although he took only a certain number of pupils, each afternoon found him really too tired for further effort. Yet the remaining hours had to be utilized, and so the spur was applied. Composition, above all, he would have loved to work at. But he was already convinced that in winter this had become out of the question. And since recitals meant added income, they seemed the best way of filling out his time, for the thought of any increased burden of lessons with their attending monotonous grind was absolutely intolerable.

Yielding to the demands of his audiences, his programmes now consisted mainly of his own works. At first thought it would seem a comparatively easy matter for one of his musical grasp and technical resource to play at least his own compositions without an enormous amount of preparation. I once gave expression to this thought.

He replied, "It may seem so to you. But if you had written a passage in half a dozen different ways, you'd find it difficult to remember which one you'd finally decided to let stand."

Evidently there was an obstacle to overcome which could not possibly confront a mere pianist. Nevertheless I do not believe that Mac Dowell was ever at a loss when playing his own works in public. But I suspect he not infrequently improvised to some extent. Mrs. Mac Dowell said to me not long ago that she never understood how he could remember his music so well, and get through his programmes so successfully. This fact is indeed remarkable in view of his comparatively few hours of practicing, and his almost uniformly fine and unique performances.

Another thing that troubled him greatly was getting into the "swing" of playing in public. Even if he had carefully prepared himself, sitting down before people and playing to them, had to be reckoned with. Walking from the lesson-room to the platform, so to say, is an experience no pianist covets. Mac Dowell naturally desired to put his works in the best possible light. And many were his disappointments, accompanied by acute anguish over real or fancied failures. Speaking of them, he said at the end of one of his brief tours, "If I could only start in now and do it right over again, I could play quite decently!"

These tours, although fatiguing, and often undertaken when beset with hard colds and even severer illness, brought him nevertheless change of scene, and compensation, artistic as well as pecuniary. The people, he wrote me, were all that was kind, and their hospitality was shown on every side.

These audiences of the West had one great advantage over Mac Dowell's eastern friends and admirers: they heard him play far more frequently and at his very best. His sensitive nature, together with his shrinkingly modest opinions of his own works, were not calculated to make him determined literally to force them upon people already surfeited with music. The sympathetic attitude and enthusiasm of his western hearers warmed his heart, and he played as he rarely played elsewhere. Those who heard him under those conditions may treasure the belief that they are to be envied by many of his nearest friends.

Mac Dowell's playing of his own music was a revelation of its possibilities, and, to players who had studied it, unexpected and startling. It was as original as the pieces themselves. As Lawrence Gilman has said, Mac Dowell's music, in form and structure, with all its exquisite delicacy and suggestiveness, is

clarity itself. Yet other pianists who had tried their best to give it with commensurate delicacy, suggestion and clarity, found themselves after hearing him far at sea.

Mac Dowell prided himself on his adherence to form. "Nobody," he remarked to me, "can say my pieces and my sonatas haven't form." His playing, nevertheless, far from emphasizing form, was distinctly impressionistic. When listening to him, thoughts of form one entirely forgot; the lingering impression was of a Monet-like tone-painting. It was mystifying. Melodies others loved and learned to play on conventional lines, with definite, singing tone, and correctly subordinated accompaniment, sounded under his hands vague, far off, floating in space. Pieces clearly written, and "splendid for practice," became streams of murmuring or rushing tone. Delicate chord-groups, like his melodies, floated in air; while those in *fortissimi* resembled nothing so much as full orchestral bursts. Who that heard him can forget their first astonishment at his marvellously fascinating renderings of the "Hexentanz," over, almost before it had begun; of the "Shadow Dance," a vaporous mass of vanishing sound; of the ethereal "Water Lily"; of the surging rolling "To the Sea"; his impetuous, virtuosic playing of the "March wind"; and his great tone-massing in the Sonatas? And who can forget their subsequent conviction that these were the inevitable, the only true renderings?

At the piano Mac Dowell was a poet-musician. He was no mere note-player, and was not and never could have been a pianist in the conventional sense of the term. He was the same teller of exquisite poems, the same impressionistic tone-painter, that he was at his desk. He made his pieces suggest their title or story so vividly that notes and manner of sounding them were entirely lost sight of. For the moment he was an improviser. He had a command over technique, pedals, and especially the *rubato*, (which he used with infinite skill,) rarely attained. And back of all was his musical and poetic nature,—the real mainspring of his playing. Few pianists, it is safe to say, have, in this last respect, been so richly endowed.

VI

Throughout his eight years of professional activities in Boston, Mac Dowell lived an ideal home-life. Home was the veritable backbone of his existence. It was more precious to him than professional success; even composition was a secondary

consideration. Giving up his cozy cottage at Wiesbaden, where the first years after his marriage were so happily spent, he desired above all to continue the same kind of life as far as possible; and so he had drifted naturally to the quiet of Beacon Hill. After the first experimental year, he and his wife removed to West Cedar Street, where they remained until opportunity offered to secure the more attractive house at No. 38 Chestnut Street.

Gradually the figure of "Mac Dowell the composer," became a familiar one on the Common's walks and the near-by streets. It is interesting to recall the change in his personal appearance that came about after several months residence in Boston. For some time he had clung, innocently enough, as it afterward proved, to the high, full-crowned felt hat, the rather fiercely curled moustache, and the goatee, all of which a photograph in Mr. Gilman's book reveals. Then suddenly he appeared in a derby hat, which became him extremely well; and shortly afterward the goatee vanished. Commenting one day on these changes as gratifying, to my eye at least, he replied in genuinely injured tones, "Why didn't you say so, long ago?" Somebody evidently had "tipped him off,"—a thing I for one seldom ventured to do at that stage of our acquaintance.

This metamorphosis having been achieved, Mac Dowell's one desire thereafter was to look like an unobtrusively well-dressed young American, and he succeeded admirably. He was now in his prime. He had gained in weight, and with his well-set-up figure, and easy, leisurely gait, whether walking the streets or strolling on the Common with his collie "Charlie," he was sure to attract attention.

From '92 to '95 were undoubtedly the happiest years of Mac Dowell's life in Boston. The first three, and more, had been checkered with doubts, disappointments, and strenuous experiences, not only exasperating, but creating uncertainty as to the wisdom of having settled in Boston at all. But he had at last won a distinct place in its musical life. He had drawn about him a circle of sympathetic followers, whose numbers were constantly increasing, and he had secured plenty of remunerative work. Best of all, in his own mind, he had maintained what was to him one of the most cherished possessions: his independence. He had asked and received no help from influential sources. He had absolutely made his own way, against considerable odds. His wife, too, had regained health after a severe illness that had necessitated her absence from home for an entire winter. And the extraordinarily congenial couple had found comfort and content in the

Chestnut Street house where their remaining years in Boston were passed. So it was at this time that Mac Dowell enjoyed his work and home, with mind freer from disappointments and anxiety than ever in his professional life.

He was always an inveterate home-body. Generally speaking it was about impossible to get him out for any particular amusement, or for exercise. He liked the theatre, but would rarely go. Fond as he was of base-ball, he was only occasionally seen at a game. Long walks did not appeal to him, except in the country; and no persuasion could have led him into a gymnasium. At one time he reluctantly consented to let me send a gymnastic trainer to his house. The man gave him one lesson,—the first and last.

I speak of this aversion to forms of exercise which would have kept him more fit for his strenuous work, because I believe that lack of it contributed largely to his early break-down. Once in a while he would make half-hearted attempts to "do something." At one of these moments he put a billiard table in his house, which gave him and his wife much pleasure.

What suited him better than anything was a quiet stroll late in the afternoon after the grind of teaching, then home, to read for the evening, unless he was entertaining company, or felt inclined to practice or write. In these hours of leisure, I saw much of him throughout his years in Boston. At my studio he liked to joke and talk about almost anything except musical matters. These he avoided, although in natural course, we "talked shop" a good deal. Of his personal affairs and professional interests he spoke freely, often energetically relieving his mind on matters disagreeable to him. He seemed to like to come; and in various notes occur such words as "hope to find you in to-morrow at four," or, "glanced up at your windows, but they had such a moved-out-last-month-look that I didn't try your door." Occasionally he would play, though he was usually too tired from the "grind," to touch the piano. Often he amused himself and me by going over the keyboard with his gloves on,—a feat he accomplished with great dexterity.

On the streets he found entertainment in watching the passers-by. He had a lightning-like way of taking in their peculiarities, while carrying an expression of perfect indifference. He dearly loved a joke, and at times to get one on the other fellow!

Mac Dowell was not a "club man," although he had most of the necessary qualifications. He really liked club-life, and enjoyed meeting "good fellows." Shyness, more than anything else, kept him from being a frequent attendant. More often than

otherwise it was difficult to draw him into conversation; yet at times he would jump in unexpectedly. I remember well an instance. We were sitting in one of the club-rooms, listening to the talk of several members, who had tried to get Mac Dowell started. They were unsuccessful until the talk drifted to tobacco and its original users. Suddenly Mac Dowell said quietly, "I believe tobacco was first used in such a country, (I forget the one he named,) wasn't it?" A dead silence followed, and then uncertain replies, showing that no one was prepared to controvert him. Afterwards as we walked home I remarked that I didn't know tobacco was first used in ———! "I didn't either," he replied, "that was just a bluff!"

At dinner and afterwards Mac Dowell was almost invariably an exceedingly good companion. He always had something interesting to say; and he rarely failed to reveal in some way his naturally sweet nature. His sympathies were quickly aroused for those who were sick or unlucky or, according to his notions, imposed upon; and his admiration for those who were kindly disposed was especially pronounced. His absolute honesty, strong sense of justice, and humaneness of feeling, easily came uppermost. Sensitive and wrathful he often was over real or fancied injuries to himself, but he readily forgot these to him unhappy moments. There was in him no trace of vindictiveness. He had pretty set notions regarding people he knew, although these frequently changed in the case of individuals as he came to know them better. Discussing the future life one night, he broke out with, "I don't believe *everybody* has a soul. Now ——— he hasn't any, he can't have!" Opinions like these I found were influenced by the kindness or unkindness of heart which he believed the individual in question possessed.

That trait of his already touched upon,—his inability to discuss musical matters with other musicians holding divergent opinions, always seemed to me an unfortunate one. Even with his strong prejudices and fixed ideas, his views on other matters he could and would modify; but in these he could and would yield to no man. No matter how amicably he might begin, he was pretty sure to end impatiently, or to change the subject abruptly. I think he regretted this trait in himself, and for this reason strove to avoid such discussions altogether.

Nevertheless Mac Dowell was singularly modest regarding the merits of his own music, and with his intimates would often joke about it. Mr. Gilman has recorded him as apologizing to some friends for leaving them because he had to go and write some

"rotten melodies." To me he would talk in similar vein. Once when I had spoken of my fondness for some of his charming "Idyllen," Op. 28, he answered by telling me how the pieces happened to be written. In Wiesbaden, Strong and he had made a bet that each could write a new piece daily for a week. Every evening they trotted out their efforts of the day. At first they broke even; but finally, Strong's muse deserted him and Mac Dowell finished, an easy winner with the "Idyllen."

Again, he said, "I've got a good joke on the critics. They have discovered "reminiscences" in my—(mentioning one of his poems for orchestra,) but not one has found those bars in it that are straight out of "Tristan and Isolde!" And at another time, "That passage sounds just like Brahms, confound it!"

In a note to me after his Second Suite and his Second Concerto were given at Cambridge, Mass., he writes jovially of the performance:

Killed the Indian again at Cambridge last night. I raised particular merry H. there, and your absence was the only blot.—That section of Cambridge was a lively spot for a while. The orchestra did pretty well, and I think Emil was a bit 'shook up',—The racket was awful. I don't think I ever played better. Will be in your pleasant den to-morrow, Monday, or Tuesday, or some other day.—N.B. New hat! Have given up bicycle, am now expecting the chariot of fire!

Mac Dowell, by the way, was deeply grateful to Emil Paur for consulting him and for making every effort to render this suite according to his own ideas and wishes, and to the orchestra for its splendid, hearty cooperation. He showed it by dedicating it to him and to the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

It is well known that Mac Dowell early displayed decided talent for drawing and painting. And it was at one time a toss up whether he would stick to music or enter the art studios of Paris. This other natural bent brought him in later life many hours of pleasure, besides being undoubtedly helpful in his own sphere of art. He loved beautiful pictures, and his keen eye surely singled them out. Often he would say of some fine painting, "I'd like to own that!" Since, like many another he could not buy what he really wanted, he turned naturally to photographic reproductions. He made exceedingly clever "snap-shots" himself, some of which enlarged into remarkably good views. Finally he took the notion to invest in a large plate camera; whereupon he wanted to experiment on me. For two entire Sunday mornings, to our mutual amusement, he worked with all the airs of a professional, using

up numberless plates. The proofs in general were an agreeable surprise to him. One plate, in which I appeared with head well down, looking at the floor, he particularly liked, all but the pose. The happy thought struck him to cut off the corners, thus bringing the face to look straight ahead. Two or three days later I received a note enclosing this "chef d'œuvre" (!): "Here is a new picture of you, and a *good* one, I think. No more theatre box, 'flies on the floor' effect. Now be a good boy and either save this for me, or have another printed thus."

It is a matter of rejoicing with me that there are extant a number of beautiful photographs of Mac Dowell. He was not desirous of "being taken," but yielded to the wishes of others, and to business necessities. The horrible "commercial-looking" head of his, taken to "adorn" his early circulars, amused him intensely. "The photographer," he explained, grinning, "said it had to be *hard*, to reproduce well!"

The first artistic photographs of Mac Dowell were taken in Boston by Mr. Benjamin Kimball, one of the finest amateur photographers of the day. Although others subsequently taken in New York are remarkably characteristic, I think none more perfectly reveals the poet-musician than that by Mr. Kimball, reproduced here. When inscribing it Mac Dowell said "he guessed we didn't want any "distinguished regards" or "loving remembrances," to which I replied, "*Not on your life!*"

VII

After the Mac Dowells had satisfactorily settled upon their city residence, there was still the question of where to spend the summers. It was a problem that had to be solved again and again, with the advent of each spring. To Mac Dowell the summers were of vital importance; for it was then only that he could give himself uninterruptedly to composition.

The first summer after settling in Boston they spent once more in Europe. The opportunity came through the offer of an engagement to Mac Dowell to play his Second Concerto in Paris at a concert to be devoted to the performance of compositions by American composers. What chiefly made this engagement attractive, as he told me, was that it furnished him the money to meet the expenses of a summer in Switzerland.

It was about this time, I think, that the second Concerto was finally ready for publication. Mac Dowell revised it considerably before he let it go. One day he said to me that he

had finished it, and that he thought he "had made it *hard* enough now!" There spoke the ambitious young composer who evidently hoped that the passage work of his Op. 23 would prove a sufficiently difficult nut to crack for some time to come! He himself always played the concerto with magnificent verve, power and abandon. In it his brilliant technique fairly glittered; while certain of his tonal effects were truly remarkable, and at that period novel as well. The power he revealed was astonishing. I said to him after a certain performance that he had filled Music Hall easily enough. "Well," he answered, "I hit the piano pretty hard!"

The summer of 1890 found the Mac Dowells for the first time in Peterboro; and thereafter, except for three years they returned every summer to this New Hampshire village which from the first had attracted them strongly. In 1896, they bought the farm. Its acquisition was a great event. They had hoped to get at the most ten or fifteen acres with the little house they wanted. Their amazement and joy can be imagined when the farmer-owner proposed that they should take nearly seventy acres at about the price they had expected to pay for the smaller tract!

Mac Dowell was proud of his ownership. He often spoke of his pleasure at being able to "tramp all day on his own land." Every one interested in him knows now what the place meant to him for the rest of his life.

York, Maine, was tried experimentally in 1891, but not successfully. A letter from there says:

Please excuse my not answering. I really have been very busy doing nothing,—a confoundedly fatiguing job, as you know . . . Our summer has not been quite the success as last year's. . . . I think we will go back rather early, owing to the fogs and general moist unpleasantness of the seaside in September.

A letter from Peterboro in Sept., 1892 tells of a saddening and exceedingly anxious summer, notwithstanding which some important work was done. It also indicates his attitude toward certain critics and their views on "American Music,"—which, later in life he made public more freely, frequently to his own disadvantage, and still more so to his own peace of mind.

My poor wife has had a very bad time of it. The heat brought on heart failure and she came as near the edge as I ever want to see any body. For two weeks it was touch and go at any moment. . . . There is a capital doctor here, but my sister-in-law really saved her

life. . . . By the way X— tried to ‘newspaper’ me again, and I wrote him a regular skyrocket,—told him I thought his paper was the most inimical thing to American art in America. . . . He wrote me a very quiet note and said he agreed with me and would back down in his next number. . . . There is only one trouble with X—’s paper. It is rapidly acquiring a poor reputation. I think he does his level best, and his back down, if he does it, proves his courage and desire to improve. A paper, however, which jumps to conclusions so easily, and has to back down in the next number, is a paper which no one cares a hang for. A paper ought to be the Devil or the Lord God. Now, Z— is a very minor devil, and sports a singed tail; still, as a genuine Diabolus his words are at least listened to, and dancing on red hot frying pans is his vocation. . . . N.B. My Sonata (*Tragica*) is being printed (Breitkopf and Haertel) and will appear in November. I am just finishing Suite No. 2 for Orchestra. (Indian Suite).

The completion of the *Tragica* was doubtless a relief to Mac Dowell. He had spent much time over it, for he naturally was anxious to make his first work in sonata form a good one. I recall an evening when he played more or less of it to me from the manuscript. He still had doubts about the introduction, playing it several times, and discussing it. This page he changed somewhat before letting it go. Some time after the sonata was published I remarked to him that it didn’t seem so difficult to me as at first. He replied in disappointed tones, “It doesn’t to me, either!”

Of the Indian Suite I heard little before it was completed, save that in connection with it, he mentioned several times Dvořák and his “New World” Symphony. Whether the latter’s talk in interviews anent the practicability of “American themes” in composition, influenced Mac Dowell to try his own hand with them, I am not sure.

Through the following summer of 1893 at Peterboro, Mac Dowell evidently kept himself nailed to his desk. In one of his letters then written he could not forego a fling at the coming musical season which, as he viewed it, was looming up for Boston. As has been already said, however, he was afterwards grateful to the new symphony conductor for evincing interest in his compositions, and several times so expressed himself to me:

Hard work and no end of writing have prevented my answering yours sooner. I simply hate the sight of a pen, having just finished twelve new “Virtuosen-Etüden” for piano, eight songs, and some other stuff. Breitkopf and Haertel are to publish them. . . . The newspaper puffs over P.... are very laughable to me—as for instance, his and his wife’s “solistic” laurels never existed. It is said that he has no command of his orchestra, as he is very nervous and uncertain.

. . . . But who knows—perhaps he will be just the man to suit Boston. I can see those cock-tail criticisms from here. . . . I wish you were in the neighborhood. The drives are beautiful. There is very little to tell you. As I said, I have been working for dear life and will have a pull of it to get through before commencing the lesson grind. I wish I dared take a complete rest, but I know if I don't seize the summer opportunity I must shut up for a year. . . . Remember the twenty-second and to try to make our lunch a possibility. . . .

The set of *Virtuosen Etüden*, Op. 46, was his second attempt to write practically for piano study. Following Chopin and Heller, he aimed to write a set of pieces designed not only to advance the student's technique, but his style as well. With the reception of his first like venture in this field, Op. 39, written for moderately advanced students, he was disappointed, not to say disgusted.

I suspect that general opinion of this work, which included the ever popular "Shadow Dance," was voiced by a piano teacher, who said to me, "They are very pretty pieces, but there's no 'étude' about them." Upon my expressing to Mac Dowell my pleasure in them, and belief in their practicability, he dilated with unexpected warmth; taking great pains to call my attention to every technical detail he had in mind. I recall this as the only instance but one of his saying anything in explanation or defense of his own music.

The *Virtuosen-Etüden* are similarly constructed, though more obviously for technical development. Commenting on them as he handed me an autograph copy he said, "You won't like them, and probably no one will." "Why not?" I asked. "O! they are too strange, too dissonant." It must be remembered that this was ten years before Debussy.

Mac Dowell planned to make these studies different from similar works by other composers, and he attained considerable success. In effect they are *pieces*, and each in its own way is charming or brilliant and well worth learning. The "Novelette" and the "Improvisation" instantly became popular. Mac Dowell himself played the "Perpetual Motion," "March Wind" and the "Polonaise," with irresistible bravura. Some-day, he said to me, he might rewrite and enlarge the Polonaise, thus making it a more important concert piece. But the day never came.

At that time also appeared the first book of Technical Exercises. These, too, proved radically different from other existing exercises. Mac Dowell did not believe in much practicing with both hands together for finger development, and therefore wrote the exercises

for each hand separately. Joseffy was immediately interested in this book. But evidently thinking that "life is short," he wrote for his own benefit an exercise in counterpoint to each one of Mac Dowell's, thus enabling himself to practice them with *both* hands together! It was with an air of great pride that he showed this fruit of his own inventiveness to Mac Dowell.

The group of "Eight Songs" for voice and piano, appeared as op. 47. The preceding, "Six Love Songs," op. 40, published in 1890, was the first set that Mac Dowell wrote in this country. I recall his showing me a somewhat large collection of verses sent him by their author, and that he had considerable difficulty in finding any that appealed to him. At last he chose six and rather reluctantly undertook to write the music. Thus came into being the popular "Thy Beaming Eyes," one of those peculiarly fortunate instances where with a few strokes of the pen the public is captured and held indefinitely.

Finding words for song-writing made Mac Dowell a good deal of trouble, until he concluded, as he told me with much irritation, that he "could write better ones himself." As subsequently appeared he certainly succeeded in writing some that were quite as good, and doubtless more stimulating to his musical thought.

VIII

Mac Dowell had hardly got well-settled in this country before he began to take a deep interest in American sports. Base Ball entranced him, though as I have said, he seldom attended the games. He would boil with suppressed enthusiasm, and the blood would fairly suffuse his face as he took in with keen zest critical moments of the game. "It's great," he said, "to watch the cock-sure playing of these professionals." The only thing that kept him from playing himself, was the "danger of smashing his hands." His ventures, therefore, were confined to throwing a "soft" ball with some boys at Peterboro. Bicycling also seized his fancy. Lover of outdoors as he was, the bicycle seemed to him an open sesame to the country. For some time he rode as often as possible, and whenever he could get some one to go along. He learned (as he assured me), to clutch the handle bar so lightly as to stiffen neither his hands nor wrists. Unfortunately his interest in this sport gradually waned. It was "too much trouble," or "no fun going alone."

The following letter seems worth printing since it reveals his boyish love of outdoor life. It is written from Cumberland,

Maine, in August 1894, when the Mac Dowells had once more tried the sea-shore.

How are you getting along and how is the good Frau? I haven't seen any account of the 'Flosshilda's' being wrecked anywhere—so conclude luck has not deserted you. I helped a fellow launch his boat the other day (a Hampden), and after the almightyest kind of a tussle we found ourselves on board, adrift with an oar and a boat hook, no shoes nor stockings—while the very devil of a wind was coming up. The boat had as yet no masts, and the tender, (*my boat*) had broken loose and was thumping the rocks. This was about six o'clock,—and all we could do was to struggle to get to the mooring in mid stream. The other fellow had played guard on a foot ball team last autumn, and to his athletics I attribute our managing to hit it so that we got up to the float. The way we hung on to that darned buoy licks anything I ever went through,—thought our arms would come out. Once moored we "sot and sot," yelling to the landscape generally to come and take us off. I had been deep sea fishing all day too, and had no lunch at all but a sandwich and the rather cloying smell of the clam bait (it was real "antika"). I came near getting the 'Risorssardonicans' that Bret Harte tells about.

I have learned to ride a bicycle and to swim this summer—am even rapidly getting over my fear of thunderstorms. This I attribute to the very few we have had!

The summer of 1895 was once more spent in Switzerland. This was the last summer the Mac Dowells passed away from their beloved Peterboro, before becoming permanent residents of that town. A letter written me soon after their arrival at Paris, portions of which I quote, indicates Mac Dowell's state of mind on returning to the capital where he had spent several lonely and painful years during his boyhood. The life in general of that great city gave him no pleasure; and the so-called "attractions" of Paris were oftener than not revolting to his innate purity of thought.

June, 1895—We are still alive and kicking most damnably. The French famine for money is something awful,—regular swindling at every turn,—and the worm turns often—generally to uncover a spot twice as vulnerable as the one already tapped. . . . Went to the Salon—never saw so many nude pictures in my life. Went to the Opera (Widor's Korrigane Ballet,) and it was about the same, only the nudities moved, . . . God knows I am not a Puritan of Puritans, but about the worst you can imagine would have seemed decent to it. . . . Paris is the same as ever. The Devil does his Virgilpractice Clavier work in places like Boston etc. *Here* he leads full orchestra with specially loud brass. The up and down clicks wouldn't be heard here. . . . Poor G—is laid up in London with typhoid ever since he landed. Goes back as soon as he mends enough. Poor Devil! We go to Frankfort for a few days on Sunday and then to Switzerland. I will yodel to you through the mail when I get there."

In the following note came the yodel:

E. A. MacDOWELL,
38 Chestnut St.,
Boston, Mass.

15 July 1895
Stadt der Läuse
Verey Switzerland

My dear Currier
Do you think I am going to waste my
bulletin on stamp for letter to you
without even an echo - ? !!! ---
(fill the dashes out yourself -) - or
haven't you yet gotten over patriotic
(seemed to me "pat - riot") day?
How's your boat and do you often
jump for the life preservers?
You probably often sing Dandeeys
bird of one feather - You remember
"Well I'll reserve that anecdote as
you may be ill and it might
shake you up too much. I have no
news to tell you until I receive
a word from you. We are well
and both both of you are likewise
affectionate regards -

E. A. MacDowell



you see I've
forgotten my
lines & spaces.

Another brief note came later on:

"Laas-Fee, Sept., 1895.—I have been working hard all summer, and only the last two weeks have been free. Lovely weather until now, and we have enjoyed it immensely. My wife has improved in health steadily and it is a good start for next winter. We were delighted to hear the good news. . . Now get a start on your bicycle and we will have some fine rides."

That summer he finished the "Sonata Eroica." Meeting him in the autumn I said "What have you been doing?" "Sir," he replied, "I've written another Sonata." Then he added seriously, "It's curious, too, but I never noticed for some time that it was in the same key as the "Tragica!"

This certainly was curious, for Mac Dowell was extremely sensitive to the "color" of different keys,—one appearing to him as "red" another "green," etc. His sensitiveness to the pitch of a piano was equally remarkable. He once spoke of having played the "Moonlight Sonata" on a piano which was off the customary pitch, saying that he "heard the whole thing in another key and it nearly knocked him out."

The wear and tear of this high strung organization of his was in fact constantly going on. He could not hear music of any kind without listening with extreme intensity. One evening I inveigled him into going with me to a social gathering given in their rooms by a club of artists. Some one, among others, played a violin solo,—not very well at that. A lady remarked to me afterwards, "Did you see Mac Dowell? The poor fellow couldn't keep his head still through all that dreadful playing!"

It was largely due to this pull upon his nerves that he kept away from concerts as much as possible. At the Symphony Concerts, his had become a familiar figure in the second balcony of the old Music Hall. Curious people soon began to notice that frequently during the performances of "classics" he would disappear,—to return when some modern number was to be played.

"What's the matter with Mac Dowell?" they said, "he can't seem to stand a Beethoven Symphony." And, "Why doesn't Mac Dowell go to concerts like the other fellows," (referring to his brother composers). The truth was that Mac Dowell, knowing the classics from A to Z did not care to waste his strength on them. New and other modern works were more interesting, and their scoring more important to him. To take in more than one such work of large dimensions was all he could possibly endure without exhaustion. Therefore he was actually compelled to save himself whenever possible.

The appearance of the "Erioca" excited in my mind wonderment at Mac Dowell's continuing to write in this form for the piano. In orchestral writing he had apparently come to a standstill. I asked him the reason and received this reply: "It's one thing to write works for orchestra, and another to get them performed. There isn't much satisfaction in having a thing played once in two or three years. If I write large works for the piano I can play them myself as often as I like."

Much is revealed in this reply. Mac Dowell had reached the point where he wanted to express himself more often in the larger forms. It may have been that with the completion of the "Eroica" he had in mind a general scheme which found fruition in the "Norse" and "Keltic" Sonatas. Writing for the orchestra had begun to look unpromising, in spite of its being his chief ambition; and he felt the futility of giving up the many hours to writing works that he would hear so seldom. He lamented the fact also, that a composer could never hear a score tried out here by a friendly conductor, as was possible in Europe. And besides all this he could not get sundry experiences with conductors out of his mind. The production in Boston of his first Suite was a sore memory. Mr. N— intimated his desire to play this suite, then in manuscript, and Mac Dowell, anxious to have it done "exactly right" took great pains to indicate all dynamic effects, and especially, with metronome, the fluctuating tempi. His feelings may be imagined when, as he told me, N— paid not the slightest attention to these marks, but played the work "to suit himself!" "Conductors are devils!" he wrathfully exclaimed.

It should not be inferred from this that Mac Dowell was inordinately conceited concerning his own music. The very opposite is true. He composed as he said, "for his own pleasure." But, though this might be construed that he didn't care whether any body liked his music or not, he really had an inward longing both to have it liked and understood. He was genuinely grateful for what he felt to be real appreciation. Also, Mac Dowell had a genuine desire to help others as he would be helped. He would give his time to any one whom he believed needed it. Had he himself been a conductor, I am sure that he would have done everything in his power to give the young composer opportunities to hear his own works; and his time in criticism as well.

His sense of honesty and justice, however, was the unfortunate cause of his being frequently misunderstood. No matter how strong his desire to be friendly and helpful, he could not refrain from saying what he honestly thought. A young composer, for

instance, brought to him for criticism a piece he had been trying to score for orchestra. The scoring was so hopelessly bad that Mac Dowell knew hardly what to say. But gently going over it he criticised as lightly as possible this point and that, flinging in encouragement on the way. At the end he was suddenly aghast at the thought that he really had about "cut up the whole thing." The young man at last, with a faint smile, moved toward the door. "And then," said Mac Dowell, "as I opened the door for him, I *couldn't* let him go without telling him that the 'cello part was written all wrong!"

There are undoubtedly many of Mac Dowell's pupils who have not forgotten his inspiring enthusiasm, and his cordial interest and words of sympathy and encouragement. He was impatient with the foolishly helpless, but would do his utmost for those who were willing to work hard. Himself a tremendous worker, he could not brook laziness or half-heartedness in others. The amount of energy that he put into his piano lessons would have exhausted most teachers, as it frequently did exhaust himself. But he threw himself into this work with good-will and the desire to give his pupils their "money's worth." He labored long and patiently, even with dull, inefficient pupils, who sometimes got into his classes; although these occasionally aroused his ire. Once he told me of a young man who was so aggravatingly flabby in body and hands when sitting at the piano, that Mac Dowell couldn't stand it. "I gave him," he said, "a slap on the back that nearly knocked him off the seat, and told him to sit up and play like a man!" Shortly afterward, this student stopped his lessons!

Of his best pupils he was proud. He liked quick results, and to be able to say that this or that pupil had learned such a piece in a very few hours. Sometimes, when trying to whip his pupils into velocity, he perhaps forgot the years he had spent in acquiring it himself. Speaking of a certain finger exercise, he said, "Try it. I practised it about an hour a day for months, and *thought* it did me good!"

Of the numberless hints and suggestions continually thrown out by him, one was proved signally fruitful. Wishing to incite several of his more ambitious pupils to still greater efforts, he urged them to get together frequently and play to one another. They eagerly seized upon the idea, and promptly formed a "practice club." From this informal beginning evolved the Mac Dowell Club of Boston, now large and thoroughly organized, helpful to students, and in many ways beneficial to musical interests of the city.

The winter of '95 and '96 found Mac Dowell at the pinnacle of his success in Boston. He had about him a very large circle of devoted and enthusiastic friends, admirers and followers, to whom his words and suggestions were law. With an ample income, far beyond, no doubt, what he once had even dreamed of commanding, with applications for lessons that he had constantly to refuse, he was in an enviable position.

But this had really been true for the past three years. And the novelty had begun to wear off. In fact, the strain involved to maintain this position was beginning to make itself felt. Mac Dowell had struck a great pace, and anxiety as to his power of maintaining it was creeping in. Thoughts of the fluctuations in business that are liable to come even to the most successful private teacher, unquestionably gave him uneasy moments.

He was by no means a money-getter for the sake of mere possession. He valued money only for what it would secure in comfort and independence. Like most young men, he was eager to make a competence on which he and his wife might depend later in life; and this desire more than any other led him to take all the work he could possibly stand. The moments of fear he experienced were enhanced also by his doubts concerning his own physical strength. Not infrequently he felt "used up," he as expressed it to me; and for some time during this, his last year in Boston, I had noticed that he was displaying less of his customary buoyancy and jollity of spirit. It had become harder to get hold of him and to get him out. "Work" was his more constant excuse. His quiet, secluded home environment was the only thing that was keeping him going.

So the winter drifted into spring. And with it came the first proposals that he should take the position of Professor of Music at Columbia University, New York City, and organize a department of music. Mac Dowell considered this proposal for weeks before he decided to accept it. It would take him to New York, where he had so far steadfastly refused to go. It meant eight months of constant, hard work in a field to which he must accustom himself. There would be little time which he could call his own. And for the first year at least, he would be obliged largely to make up his courses as he went along. Nevertheless the position was one of rank and honor. The opportunity presented itself to demonstrate views concerning the teaching of music which had long been forming in his mind and were now more or less crystalized. And he had been promised absolute

independence as to his methods of procedure. The fixed income, too, appealed strongly to him. There would be no worry for a number of years over financial problems; and there would be chances to add to his receipts through private work. Altogether it appeared the opportunity of his life; and so he embraced it.

Having decided, Mac Dowell's spirits, already elated at having just acquired the farm at Peterboro, rose to the occasion. The summer was spent largely in reading up and otherwise preparing for his prospective work. He found time, however, to superintend improvements on his house, and to write the "Woodland Sketches,"—those tone-poems so exquisite in inspiration and finish, which included two that will doubtless remain among the most appealing and popular of his for a long time to come: "To a Wild Rose" and "To a Water Lily."

In the middle of September I received a letter from him which indicated his state of mind over the coming removal, and the anticipated effect his first year in New York would have upon him.

Hill Crest, Peterboro, Sept. '96. . . . I was just on the point of writing to you when your letter came. . . . We will be very sorry not to see you in Boston. We will be there only one night, however, and perhaps putting off seeing you now may mean seeing you sooner in New York. . . . We are so sick of trunks and packing that anything of that nature seems a calamity. . . . I will take you up on your offer to keep me posted as to matters musical in Boston.

I expect to be ten years older by springtime, and any little alleviations you can give me from time to time as to what "dam fools" other people are, will be welcome.

IX

The season opened auspiciously, and Mac Dowell began his works with hopes high. His election to the conductorship of the Mendelssohn Glee Club was a great pleasure to him. He felt that here was a chance to show what he could do in conducting; and the men promised enthusiastic response to the original work he had in mind.

A letter written after two months in New York tells the story of complete absorption in his new labors.

If you only knew how wildly busy I am you would forgive my not writing—probably you do, any way. I wish you would write oftener. Boston seems far, far away, but the friends in it somehow grow dearer. . . . I am delighted with my work in many ways, though composition is as far off as ever, and I haven't touched the piano for many months. If I live until spring I will give up complaining about my health and look down with a pitying smile on malt-fed Sandows and the rest.

The lecturing is intensely interesting and I think it has been fairly successful. I have received many offers of engagements, the last being to deliver a course in New Orleans. I will do three weeks piano playing in January and February. The Mendelssohn Club is good fun and the men act well and work for me like demons. The first concert will doubtless be ragged but I hope the chorus will do wonders before the season is over. . . . Glad everything goes well with you. . . . Oh! the hustle and bustle of this city! . . . I have to "address" a meeting to-night (students). You wouldn't know me. I'm getting a Dan'l Webster look in spite of the bristles having grown again.

No wonder that he and Mrs. Mac Dowell eagerly rushed away in the December holidays to Peterboro for a few days of much needed rest. The following note came from there in December:

Christmas Day we are to be with Miss — (in Boston). I think the number is 503 or 533. Your giant intellect will probably pierce the mystery without difficulty. Hope to get a glimpse of you. If I get in your neighborhood I will try your bell. . . . Our "estate" here is looking fine.

At last came May, when he hailed with joy the completion of his first year at Columbia.

May 7, '97.—To-night is my last Mendelssohn Glee Club concert and on the fifteenth I give my last lecture. On the sixteenth I expect we will be on our way to Peterboro via Boston. The Parker House will probably shelter us over Monday. . . . We will go to the farm (an "admirer" has promised me one pig for it!) and in the week of June ninth I will have to return here for commencement and examinations, on which occasion gown, hood and exceedingly wise cast of face will be in order. . . . Hope to find you blooming and a year younger. It will be pleasant and homelike to see Boston again to say nothing of you.

It is not my intention to dwell in detail upon Mac Dowell's life in New York. The nature of it is indicated in his letter of November '96, already quoted. My dear friend had again struck a pace compared with which his Boston "gait" was a gentle stroll. Work and more work was the order of the day. At the end of two years he gave up the leadership of the Mendelssohn Glee Club; but foolishly, as I then thought, he allowed himself to be drawn deeply into private teaching. The summers were spent in hard work at composition. The list of his opus numbers reveals his untiring energy and his wonderful recuperative powers. For during these last vacations he wrote the two Sonatas, "Norse" and "Keltic," the "Sea Pieces," the "Fireside Tales" and the "New England Idyls," besides choruses and songs.

These new important piano works naturally were an added incentive for a continuance of winter concert playing, for which the demand was ever increasing. In March, 1899, Mac Dowell ended a tour in the West with a recital in Boston. The programme included the "Eroica" and many other pieces of his own. He was greeted with a crowded house, and never played better.

After the recital he and George Marston, the song writer, (of whom he was extremely fond) and I, dined together. Mac Dowell was in good spirits, though very tired. I was much impressed by the marked change that had come over him. He appeared older, and his mind seemed weighted with responsibility and the load he was carrying. Not that he alluded to such matters; he tried to be as jolly as ever. One remark that he made, however, as we walked across the Public Garden together, has since appeared to me "a key note:" "The only thing is to be as useful as we can." More and more he was feeling it a solemn duty to do all that he possibly could for his beloved art and for those interested in it.

A few days after the recital I received a letter which shows his thoughtfulness for others, and his sensitiveness to criticism. It is the only letter to me in which he ever defended his playing or his compositions.

March 27, '99.—I forgot all about that porter of the hall. Will you not give him the money for which I enclose check. If you should think it too small just add what you like and let me know. I will be 'eternally obliged.' I have unhappily still one more concert in D—, next Tuesday. They wouldn't take no for an answer, so I've got to air my 'hard tone'—much to my regret. I see A— has chimed in with K—. Well, we have been in the 'Merry dance' together before, so I suppose I needn't mind. . . . My compositions have stood the racket, and as for the playing, I am receiving more offers of engagements than I can answer. The New York recital has made a great time I think, and while you know I always take things with a liberal allowance of salt, I will confess to feeling gratified at the appreciation. . . . Pardon this egoism of yours, —,

For over a year thereafter I was in Europe. No letters passed between us during that period. Mac Dowell was driven harder than ever, and I in turn found little time for letter writing.

In December, 1900, after my return, I received New Year's greetings from Mac Dowell:

If this reaches you it will bring our best wishes for the New Year. I trust it will be a happy one and prosperous. We are much the same

here. . . . Poor Marston is having a hard struggle, I suppose you know. . . . Well, we will all have to fight for our lives and fail sometime. Rather gloomy, no doubt, and you must forgive croaking at this jolly time of year. . . . As for you it will probably take months of "put yo' fum under," (Marston's jokes do recur to one!) to take down your foreign exuberance. . . . If you come to New York don't let us miss you. I'm doubtful of being near Boston this winter.

Another evidence of his increasingly serious attitude toward life. One more note from him, the last I find of interest here:

Feb. 8, 1902.—Stress of work has prevented my writing you sooner. I too was sorry to have missed you in Boston, but last summer was a dreadful one, and I was only at the club for convenience's sake. I am glad the Indian music gave you pleasure. G— played it here—but as he didn't send me a ticket or ask me to a rehearsal, I did not go. But from what I heard of it, the Indians must have worn their Tuxedos. My Sabbatical year at Columbia comes next winter, and I shall (D. V.) go abroad and play and bring out some new things."

His mention thus early of his first "Sabbatical Year," indicates that the rest coming to him was already being looked forward to with longing.

It was in Easter week of 1905 that I saw Mac Dowell in New York,—so shortly before his complete collapse. Receiving word of my arrival, he made an engagement for dinner, or rather Mrs. Mac Dowell made it. That dinner was an unforgettable experience. When my wife and I reached the place of appointment we found Mrs. Mac Dowell waiting for us. At her request I remained at the door until Mac Dowell should come. At last he appeared. His looks and response to my eager greeting struck a chill to my heart. Pale, and thin, all his old brightness and energetic bearing gone, he seemed like one just up from a serious sickness. With no show of interest he replied feebly and almost inaudibly, "I'm not very well. Where is Mrs. Mac Dowell?" Already he had begun to cling helplessly to her. At dinner he brightened somewhat. Yet he found little to talk about except the one thing that still, after a year, was constantly going around in his mind: his break with Columbia. All its details he rehearsed with painful elaboration, in the manner of one utterly weary of the struggle. No other subject excited any interest on his part. On the way to our hotel one other thought seemed to fill his mind: the fear of being run over. A few weeks before he had been knocked down by a cab, which nearly passed over him, to which accident was partly attributed his final breakdown. With the utmost care he piloted my wife across the street; and there we parted.

A few days later I attended an informal recital by some of his pupils. His manner then was that of one struggling to hold onto himself. Sitting beside the piano he tried by slowly waving his hand to stimulate each pupil to added expression or brilliancy; but activity and animation were absent. After the recital he endeavored to speak encouragingly to each of the pupils, as one after another bade him goodbye. One young girl of twelve or fourteen stood looking up at him intently for several moments before he spoke. At last he looked down at her and almost whispered, "Little giant!"

When he was free I asked him if we could not do something or go somewhere. Mrs. Mac Dowell replied for him, "He has an engagement. Things are very different here in New York." He repeated mechanically, "Things are very different here in New York. I have an engagement at one."

I therefore departed. And I did not see him again for a year, when he had become like a little child.

A few weeks after I left New York, Mrs. Mac Dowell in great alarm got her husband to Peterboro. And shortly afterwards came the letter from her from which I have quoted the words at the beginning of these recollections.

The high-strung, extraordinarily sensitive organization, sapped by over-work and the terrible anguish caused by the termination of his connection with Columbia, brought on Mac Dowell's end. He was not fitted by nature to cope with situations where change, or interference with plans he had set his heart on, might have seemed advisable. He could not argue. Either he must do what he wanted to do in his own way, or not at all. In this peculiarity he was not set apart from many another. Where he differed from many, however, was in his utter inability to throw off the pain and disappointments which followed his rupture with Columbia. Matters troubling him less vitally he could have risen above. But to his far-reaching, progressive plans (as they appeared to him), for the musical department, he had given his whole heart and strength. When, therefore, the impossibility of carrying them on was borne in upon him, he suffered a cruel hurt. And it came at a time when his over-worked mind and body were in no condition to withstand the shock. Others would have "washed their hands of the whole business," and regained their health and poise through rest and private work, but he simply succumbed. For weeks he could not sleep. And it was at this time that he said to Mrs. Mac Dowell, "This business will kill me." After this first result, his wife, as she told

me, began to notice the change creeping over him, which continued its insidious work, until his death.

On June twenty-third, in his forty-seventh year, after a comparatively painless illness of about two and a half years, Mac Dowell quietly passed away. He was buried the twenty-sixth at the Peterboro farm,—as his devoted wife wrote me, "in a beautiful spot on one of the hills he loved so well."

X

In view of all that has been written of Mac Dowell's music and its place in the literature of music, further comment or conclusions here by me are uncalled for. With Mr. Gilman's penetrating and sympathetic analysis I heartily agree. No one of Mac Dowell's friends and contemporaries could, at the date of his writing have done the task more completely. And Mr. Gilman himself says, "There is no need to attempt at this juncture to speculate concerning his place among the company of the greater dead; it is enough to avow the conviction that he possessed genius of a rare order, that he wrought nobly and valuably for the art of the country which he loved."

I may add that his personality always seemed to me a part of his music, as his music was a part of himself. He was of the same type as his music. The originality and fertility of invention, the love of color, the exquisite taste, the underlying hints of melancholy, deep-felt and never sentimental, the warmth and depth of imagination—these were the expression alike of the musical genius and of the magnetic personality, the high ideals, purity of thought and purpose of the whole-souled, sweet-hearted man.

Mac Dowell's influence and memory are doubtless felt and cherished more and more by others who knew him well, as they are by me. As a composer he will be known principally by his pianoforte works. I believe, too, that admiration and love for these works will steadily increase. His smaller, more immediately appealing pieces are already secure in the affections of numberless music-lovers. It only remains for the highest achievements of his genius,—the Suites, the Sea-Pieces, the Sonatas,—to find through frequent and sympathetic interpretation by the great players their rightful place among the master works of pianoforte literature.

THE DELIGHTS OF CHORUSSING

By W. J. LAWRENCE

TO the natural man no impulse is more difficult to resist than the desire to join in a chorus. One of the distinguishing qualities of the music-hall lies in the fact that it administers to that craving. People like to get immersed in the rhythm of a titillating ditty just as they like to fall in step. Men with a keen sense of propriety, obsessed even with the wraith of their own personal dignity, have been known after a struggle to yield themselves publicly to the impulse. They were victims of collective psychology, or what is more popularly known as "the law of the crowd." It is now clearly recognised that to bring people together in considerable numbers is to less their normal intellectuality and to increase their sensuous perceptions and their emotional energy. As Mr. A. B. Walkley puts it "the crowd has the credulity, the absence of judicial faculty, the uncontrolled violence of a feeling of a child." In our day there is, however, one serious check upon this momentary weakening of self-control. With the advance of civilisation the tendency has been to repress all manifestations of emotion, especially in public. I am convinced that much of the neurasthenia of the hour is due to this mistaken trend. Doctors should prescribe hearty laughter as an antidote.

Former ages had a saner standard of good breeding. We are apt to marvel over the compelling magnetism of the great players of the eighteenth century in being able to move strong men to tears; but the truth is, human nature at bottom being always the same, their powers were no greater than those possessed by the few highly gifted theatrical geniuses of today. The difference lies entirely in the attitude of the audience.

Although stoicism neither began nor ended with Zeno and his disciples, it may safely be predicted that the earlier the period in the world's history the nearer to the surface and the less restrained were the natural emotions. But, strangely enough, when we come to apply this conclusion to the common impulse towards chorussing, the argument, possibly from lack of full acquaintance with the characteristics of remoter times, falls to the ground. Most people would be inclined to say that if ever there was an

age when the natural man reigned supreme it was the Elizabethian age. Assuredly there was little toleration for the "prunes and prisms" propaganda in that blunt-spoken era when the Virgin Queen set the fashion by indulging in full-mouthed oaths in her moments of passion. Song was very popular in those days in the open-roofed playhouses on the Bankside. The true musical comedy was seen then by the gallants in the private theatres, and has seldom been seen since. Nothing is so certain as that the Tarletons of that multicolored day indulged their admirers with all the comic ditties of the hour. But the strange thing is that, remarkable as were the Bankside groundlings for turbulence and unrestraint, we gain no hint in the abounding pamphlets of the period of any participation on their part in the delights of chorussing. Yet there must have been many songs, with a "terry derry ding, terry derry ding, terry derry dino," such as those so inappropriately sung by Valerius in Heywood's tragedy, *The Rape of Lucrece*, which lent themselves readily to the practice. Neither Stephen Gosson in *The Schoole of Abuse* nor Dekker in his ironical instructions to the budding playgoer in his *Gul's Hornbooke* has aught to say of any such habit. Gayton, who wrote at a somewhat later period and who is equally illuminative is also equally silent. Perhaps the conclusion forced on the inquirer is as fallacious as caution and experience would lead us to believe. However that may be, one thing at least is certain: the practice of chorussing never gained material sway in the English theatre. The national temperament—that curious quality of reserve and self-isolation for which the Englishman is noted—formed an effective barrier. If it be asked, then, why should the custom have sprung up in the English music-hall, one might find an answer in the study of origins. The music-hall was an organised development of the old Free-and-Easy held in the bar-parlours of taverns, and the frequenters of the Free-and-Easy not only habitually joined in the chorus, but occasionally provided the songs.

That the custom was unknown in England in 1711 is shown by an experience related by Addison in the 29th number of *The Spectator*. In discussing opera generally, the serene-minded essayist writes:

The Musick of the French is indeed very properly adapted to their pronunciation and accent, as their whole opera wonderfully favours the genius of such a gay, airy people. The chorus in which that opera abounds, gives the parterre frequent opportunities of joining in consort with the stage. This inclination of the audience to sing along with the actors so prevails with them, that I have sometimes known the performer on the stage do no more in a celebrated song than the clerk of a parish

church, who serves only to raise the Psalm, and is afterwards drown'd in the musick of the congregation.

We have here a hint that the national equation proves a differentiating factor in the uprise of playgoing customs and the amusements of a people. The French are undoubtedly "a gay airy people." So, too, in the regions south of the Boyne, are the Irish; and it is in a Dublin music-hall that chorussing, this practice of drowning the singer, is most heartily indulged in. Nowhere else does the audience carol with the same verve and gusto.

Not long after Addison embalmed his impressions curious advantage was taken in Paris of the French predilection for chorussing. With the view of suppressing the comedians who played in booths at the great annual fairs of Saint Germain and Saint Laurent, the Royal Academy of Music, otherwise the controllers of the Opera, exercised their prerogative and forbade the comedians from favouring their patrons with any singing. Highly ingenious was the method whereby the harried players evaded the issue. When a juncture came in the performance when one of the characters should have sung a song, a large scroll descended from the sky-borders on which was inscribed in bold letters the words of the ditty. Then the orchestra proceeded to play the air and the audience, having caught its rhythms, sang the song. Meanwhile the silenced actor went on with the dumb shew of his part. All the world and his wife were attracted by this novelty. So far from injuring the mummers, the Royal Academy of Music had done them service. Such were the first faint beginnings of that delightful genre known as *opéra-comique*.

With one accord, all the French historians of the theatre have adjudged this device of evasion purely indigenous. As a matter of fact the idea was borrowed from Italy and probably owed its transplantation to the Italian mimes who frequented the fairs. Hogarth, in the opening chapter of his *Memoirs of the Musical Drama* (1838) writes:

Towards the end of the seventeenth century a species of entertainment was introduced at Venice which was for a short time in great vogue. It consisted of little dramas, in which the actors appeared on the stage without speaking. Scrolls descended from the roof upon their heads in succession, in which were written, in large letters, verses of songs, the airs of which were played by the orchestra, while the words were sung by the spectators; the performers on the stage, meanwhile, carrying on the action in dumb shew. The spectators found it very amusing to sing, in this manner, the dialogue of the piece, but soon began, doubtless, to think it somewhat childish; for the 'scroll-pieces' did not long remain in fashion.

It would doubtless be considering too curiously to infer that the first recorded instances of chorussing in an English audience were due to French initiative, particularly as the conditions which evoked the chorussing were peculiarly individual. About the second decade of the eighteenth century it became usual for the members of the ancient Order of Free Masons both in London and in Dublin to visit the theatre in full regalia on St. John's Day, the period of their annual festivity. On these occasions Masonic songs were sung between the acts by the players and chorussed in pit and boxes by the brethren. Seeing that the songs were not sung in any sort of theatrical entertainment but were merely substantive ditties rendered in downright music-hall style, this may be taken as the first faint foreshadowing of the latter day music-hall habit. Of the visit paid by the Irish Free Masons to old Smock Alley on St. John's Day, June 24, 1725, we read in *The Dublin Weekly Journal*:

They all went to the Play, with their aprons, etc., the private Brothers sat in the Pit, but the Grand Master and Grand Warden, in the Government Box; at the conclusion of the play, Mr. Griffith the player, who is a Brother, sang the Free Mason's Apprentice's song, the Grand Master and the whole brotherhood joining in the chorus.

The Government box, it should be noted was the box occupied by the Lord Lieutenant on "command nights," or, in his absence, by the Lords Justices.

No rules for general playhouse conduct can be deduced from special circumstances such as these, and, although it was but a step from the chorussing of a substantive song to the chorussing of an incidental air in a theatrical entertainment, some time elapsed before it was taken. It was not till the great success of *The Beggar's Opera* had created a taste for light musical pieces that the players made any attempt to popularize the French habit of chorussing in the auditorium during the performance. When Colley Cibber's unlucky ballad-opera, *Love in a Riddle*, was first brought out at Drury Lane in January, 1729, Harper, the jolly fat comedian, was provided with a ballad-epilogue of four stanzas in which he sang:

Since songs to plays are nowadays,
Like to your meals a salad;
Permit us then, kind gentlemen,
To try our skill by ballad:
While you, to grace our native lays,
As France has done before us,
Belle, beau and cit from box and pit,
All join the jolly chorus.

The chorus ran—

Then freeborn boys, all make a noise,
As France has done before us;
With English hearts all bear your parts,
And join the jolly chorus.

Agreeable to command the freeborn boys made the devil of a row in the pit, but it was not of the kind anticipated. For some not too well defined reason a cabal had been organised against Cibber's piece and the result was its summary damnation. Thus what may be styled a happy misfortune negatived all possibility of the transference of the French custom to English soil. Even the Masonic practice in due course fell into desuetude. The great public was not to give way to its natural impulse towards chorussing for considerably over a century, and then only in the music-hall.

Doubtless to the great majority of my readers this paper will bear the aspect of the famous chapter "on Snakes in Iceland," inasmuch as the delights of chorussing are unknown to, or if known scorned by, the American people. Why this should be so in a country which has been the crucible of the nations I cannot pretend to determine. As a stranger without the gate, I had perforce to seek some solution of the problem from an old friend, Mr. Wm. R. McClelland of New Brunswick, N. J., who has visited in his day all the varied places of song, North, East, South and West, from Maine to California. After informing me that the practice of joining in the chorus on the part of the audience is a thing unknown, he adds:

There were developments about five or six years ago along this line. A number of singers tried to get the audience to join in the chorus and succeeded in some instances by constant plugging in obtaining a sort of lukewarm response. Vesta Victoria wheedled the audience into singing in rendering her song "Waiting at the Church," but this was merely a flash in the pan and established no kind of custom. A few American singers made a hard try but they eventually abandoned the effort as hopeless, finding the average result cold enough to freeze a geyser.

From all of which it would appear that America is considerably more than "the telephone exchange for European thought," as William Archer once styled it, and, in matters of habit has, very decidedly, a mind of its own.

SOME ASPECTS OF MODERN MUSIC

By W. H. HADOW

WHEN the critic is young he regards every new movement as a sacred cause to be defended, and every man who stands on the old ways as an adversary to be challenged and overthrown. When he grows older he begins to find reason for modifying both these opinions. The claims of novelty if not less attractive become less urgent. Like Browning's Ogniben he has "seen three and twenty leaders of revolts" and the appearance of a four and twentieth although it rouses him to keen interest no longer thrills him with the sense of adventure. He has exchanged the arena for the laboratory, he has come to see that there are many aspects of truth and that they are all worth studying; he finds himself in sympathy with all forms of original expression, and holds that the only unpardonable sins are imposture and pretentiousness.

It may be said at once that the advantage is not all on the side of age. The quieter temper and the broader outlook are in part compensated by a less quick intelligence and a less ready enthusiasm. A man in middle-life has already fallen to some extent under the dominion of use and custom, his experience has moulded his character in certain directions, his early preferences have tended to harden and stereotype: the very forces that are maturing his judgment are taking their revenge by blunting his sensibility. Not that art means less to him; in many ways it means a great deal more, but the meaning is different, and in the fact of that difference something has been lost. Many of us can remember that stab of physical pleasure with which we first heard the opening of Beethoven's Violin Concerto, or of Bach's B minor Mass or of the second act of Tristan. Much of the new music is charming and admirable and intensely interesting, but it does not reproduce for us these supreme moments of delight.

Hence there is a real difficulty in discussing a phase of art which is making its appeal primarily to a younger generation. And the difficulty is increased by the extreme rapidity with which the language and idiom of music have altered during the last twenty years. To this it may be doubted whether the whole

history of the art can furnish a parallel. We have learned that the Florentine Revolution is a historical myth, and that the first "opera" followed traditions which had been steadily growing for more than a century. Bach's equal temperament gave a new direction to music, but the splendid harmonic audacity with which he used it had little or no influence on composition until fifty years after his death. Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, are not so far from each other as the music of 1880 from that of 1914. The Romantic movement was in many ways frankly conservative, and Brahms with greater genius followed it on the conservative side. Wagner broke down the conventions of drama and gave music a new emotional content, but the considerable changes of idiom which this entailed never really crossed the border into a new language. At the present day it appears as if the whole problem was being restated; as if the very principles of the art were called in question; as if its vocabulary were being written afresh and its most vital distinctions dismissed as obsolete. The first thing then is to enquire whether this is indeed the case, and whether if so an art of equal or greater value can be raised on the new foundation.

Here we are met by two rather disheartening obstacles. One of the besetting sins of the present age is its habit of intellectual slovenliness. Everybody wants to be in the movement, everybody is half-educated, there are abundant articles and little handbooks from which you can get up enough for dinner conversation, and with that lowly ideal many men seem to be satisfied. It is not easy to discuss recent painting with people who believe that Futurism and Post Impressionism are the same thing: or to discuss recent music with people who ask you "if you like such composers as Strauss and Debussy." Criticism is lost in a prevalent fog through which you can hear nothing but the megaphone and see nothing but the electric light. The advertiser strains his voice to the furthest breaking point and the journalist encourages him with shouting, every opinion is expressed in superlatives, partly to conceal ignorance and partly to attract attention, every shanty is a Saloon and every inn a Palace, guessing riddles is called a Tournament and killing flies a Crusade: in all this general welter it is not surprising that distinctions are forgotten, that shades of meaning are confused and that the power of discrimination is becoming atrophied by disuse. We have many excellent qualities at the present day but we are losing our sense of scholarship.

The second obstacle, which is, I believe, complementary to the first, is the extreme complexity of much contemporary music. For

instance, I am told that Schönberg's "Gurre Lieder" is a fine work, and so far as I can make it out I am ready to endorse this opinion. But it is written for five solo voices, besides a "Sprecher," for two choruses of eight and twelve voices respectively, and for a band which contains one hundred and fourteen orchestral parts. In order to publish it at all it has to be engraved, not printed, on an enormous sheet of paper with notes the size of pin points, directions which are almost unreadable, and leger lines which sometimes require a magnifying glass. The style is that of advanced modern polyphony in which every part is real, no eye can possibly take in a whole page at once, and the chances of hearing the music may perhaps occur twice in a lifetime.

No doubt this is an extreme case, but it is not so extreme as to be outside fair criticism, and it is not unfair to urge that there must be something wrong with a work which, in aiming at its effect, is obliged to use such a suicidal prodigality of means. In the seventeenth century a learned Jesuit named Athanasius Kircher published a treatise on music and quoted as one of his examples a composition which he calls the *Nodus Salomonis*; a canon in 12,200,000 real parts, and capable of further extension. He does not regard it as practically possible in this world, though he expresses a pious hope that he may hear it in the next; its effect would be that of the chord of G major reiterated for ever and ever; and his account of it ends with the words "haec ad mirificam Musicae combinationis vim demonstrandam sufficient."

Now with all deference we would submit that they can do nothing of the kind. We are not supplicating that music should be starved to the measure of our understanding, but maintaining that when it swells beyond a certain bulk it topples over. No doubt we must allow for the immense improvement in executive skill through which our modern orchestras can play passages which would have been impossible half a century ago: that is all to the good and we may take full advantage of it; but we are pressing executive skill beyond bounds when we use it for compositions which outstrip the capacity of the human ear. A great deal of the most elaborate modern music sounds as if it was all of the same colour: a rich blur of sound in which the different voices are hardly distinguishable, and from which, if current stories are true, they may sometimes absent themselves without detection. It is a far cry from this to the perfect transparency of Debussy's *Pelléas*, where every note tells, and where the full orchestra is used only once throughout the entire work.

We may be told that the ear will adapt itself to the new conditions as it has done many times before, and that the day will come when a symphonic poem of Schönberg is as straightforward as we now find a symphony of Mozart. To this it is a sufficient rejoinder that by that time men will be writing something else, and that these works are therefore in danger of withering before they grow up. But there is a more serious reason for disquietude. One of the clearest lessons in history is that when an artistic school begins to grow luxurious or self-conscious or erudite it is carrying in it the seeds of its own decadence. It was so with the Alexandrine school of Greek literature, it was so with the Roman poetry of the fourth century, it was so with the counter-point of the middle ages, and precisely the same peril confronts the German school of which Schönberg is the greatest exponent. It seems to me not new but old, not adventurous but deliberate; its experiments appear to be the outcome of theories and formulas rather than the spontaneous impulse of artistic passion. With his early work, derived in some degree from Mahler and influenced in some degree by Strauss, we need not here be concerned: the centre of his mature work is best explained by his own treatise on Harmony. In this admirable book, written with style, distinction, and humour he sets forth very clearly certain artistic principles, of which two seem to be specially significant. In the first place he treats as stable harmonic masses effects which in the older composers were used only as appoggiaturas or as passing discords: holding in other words that anything which the ear can endure for a transitory instant it can equally endure as a point of rest.¹ This drives straight to the roots of the difference between concord and discord, and incidentally, I believe, accounts for many of the more serious experiments in modern harmony. In the second place he sets himself to construct a harmonic scheme on a system of superimposed fourths, now treated melodically, as in the opening theme of his 'Chamber symphony,' now raised in a towering structure across the whole of the great stave. Here he admits some limitations in practice, but it is difficult to see where the line is to be drawn for he quotes with approval a chord of eleven fourths which contains, in one or other of its forms, every semitone in the chromatic scale. No doubt the discord may be

¹In his *Harmonienlehre*, (p. 363), he quotes instances from Mozart and Bach, of which the former is an appoggiatura, the latter a dominant seventh cadence with passing notes which are regarded as vital parts of the harmony. I believe that a corollary from this will be the doctrine that if any notes in a chord be chromatically altered, this chord may resolve as though the alteration had not taken place. And this will lead to a considerable extension of harmonic freedom.

veiled by differences of orchestral timbre, but even so it is sufficiently striking.¹

Now this is well enough in a treatise, but as composition it is surely the purest Alexandrinism. It is music made according to rule and measure, written by a man of unusual intellect and great receptivity who spoils everything by too obvious an adherence to method. We need not enquire whether the chords in themselves are ugly—there is probably no combination of notes which cannot in its proper context be made to sound beautiful: the primary fault is that they are written to order, that they remind one too much of Leibnitz's definition of music as "Arithmetic become self conscious." And if this is true, the harmony of Schönberg may become a most valuable store house and training school, but it will not itself lead far into the art of the future.

Yet when all is said one remembers the Schönberg of the early songs and the early chamber music and wonders whether after all this learned and professorial art may not be a transitional stage towards something larger and finer. The little pianoforte pieces, Op. 11 and Op. 19, give me the impression that they mean something to which I have not yet the clue. They start on a different hypothesis from other music, like Lobatchevski's geometry which started on the supposition that the triangle contained less than two right angles. And here we come to an alternative on which we may well be content to suspend judgment. If they are spontaneous they will live, and the world will come round to them, though they have little pleasure for us now. If, as I think at present, they are deliberate and artificial, they will go the way of all artificialities and will end their days in the dusty corners of the museum. But in either case the impression that they give me is that of the end of an old art, not the beginning of a new one.

Over against them, arrayed in all the panoply of youth, comes the vigorous and aggressive band of the Futurists. Here again the dispassionate student is confronted with a difficulty, for the very clever young men who surround Signor Marinetti are so peremptory that it is hardly possible to hear them without irritation. "They raise aloft," says one of them, "their blood-red banner." "They advance," as another tells us, "with their hearts full of fire, hatred and swiftness." They wage implacable war upon every known place of instruction. They demand the immediate demolition of every picture more than twenty years old. They write fierce critical volumes to prove the inutility of criticism, and declare

¹See also the chord from Schönberg's "Erwartung" quoted in the passage on Harmonised instrumentation. It contains thirteen different notes—two enharmonic.

in the most egotistical of manifestoes that they have destroyed the egotist from the earth. They have constructed a literature without verbs or particles, they have painted nightmares and built statues out of cigarettes and lamp-shades: there is no extravagance which they have not committed. And yet there is something in it.

The idea which animates Futurism may be summarised in two propositions. First, that all art is being strangled by tradition, that it is clogged and impeded by the inheritance of the past. We see through the eyes of our forefathers, we hear through their ears, we think through their brains; we have no longer the courage to face nature at first hand, but are dependent on the suggestions of our teachers. Therefore, say the Futurists, if art is to be saved alive, let us sweep away tradition altogether and start fresh. Second, that apart from the essential evils of pupilage, the past has no longer anything relevant to teach us. The conditions of life have so radically altered that they demand an entirely new form of artistic expression. We live in an age of swift movement and dynamic force, of radium and electricity, of the motor and the aeroplane, of a hundred appliances all concentrated on the rapid exercise of power: the characteristics of the new age are force and vigour and lusty youth, impatient of delay, scornful of opposition, annihilating time and space as it flies on its immediate purpose. What have we to do with the suave and leisurely art of the past, with its quiet thoughts and its passive gratifications, its long-drawn problem of style and its logical coherence of structure? The music of old time was an art of peace and luxury, we are for war 'seule hygiène du monde.'¹

The conclusions which follow from these principles have been made familiar in more than one manifesto. There is to be no more academic instruction, but every man working out his own salvation in his own way: no more romance—love is too soft for the warrior: no more well-constructed art,—when the blood leaps high you have not time to think of style: no more restriction but undisputed liberty of utterance. Melody is to be regarded as a 'synthesis of harmony,' based on the chromatic scale as unit and wholly free in rhythm; the old symphonic structures are to go by the board and the form of each composition is to be 'generated by its own motive of passion'; Church music is to be abolished as impotent, and opera (in which the composer must be his own librettist) is to be treated as a symphonic poem where the singers have no pride of

¹Marinetti Le Futurism ch. 5. p. 53. "Qui peut affirmer," he says on the preceding page "que le mot *homme* et le mot *lutteur* ne soient pas synonymes."

place but rank alongside the instruments of the orchestra. Lastly it is to be the function of the Futurist composer "to express the soul of factories and trains and steamships and to wed to his central motive the dominion of the machine and the victorious reign of electricity."¹

It is plain that we have here much food for contemplation: it is equally plain that there is much with which we are prepared to agree. Every great artist has always stood for freedom, and if the claim is here more strident than usual, that may perhaps be explained by some circumstances of provocation. Again it is natural that art should express the ideals and emotions of its own time: its function is to interpret, not to recall, and in every advance of civilized man it has taken its place among the pioneers. But both these points require further consideration before we can understand their meaning. The freedom of the artist means immunity from prescriptive rule: the indefeasable right to see beauty in his own way and to express it in his own terms. But art is not something separate and distinct from human nature, it is an essential aspect of humanity itself; and one measure of the artist's genuineness is that what he sees now the world, through his interpretation, will come to see later. And because the artist is a man born of men his vision will not be out of relation to that which was seen by his fathers before him. He will speak parables, but he will not speak them in an unknown tongue. Hence any attempt to break violently with the past is foreign to the real nature of art. The sense of beauty may develop more rapidly in one period than another: it has developed with exceptional rapidity in our own generation: but in proportion as it is living it will draw sustenance from the roots of its mother earth.

Free rhythm, free harmony, free use of the chromatic scale, free treatment of structural forms;—all these are the colours on the artist's palette which he may employ as he will. It is not about these that there should be any contest but about the question what he does with them. Does he equally avoid monotony and incoherence, does he express noble feeling, does he use his medium with such reserve as to throw his light upon special points of colour, has he melody and passion and the power of climax? If so he may go where he pleases, secure that we are ready to follow him. The types of artistic beauty are not one but many and each type is inexhaustible.

A word should be added on the worship of Mechanism which seems to be an essential part of the Futurist creed. It is no doubt

¹Pratella, *Musica Futurista*, pp. 15-16.

intelligible that a group of men who derive their inspiration from power and swiftness should be attracted by the marvels of mechanical science and should even come, like the engineer in Mr. Wells' story, to attach religious significance to a dynamo. This exactly fits with the revolt from formal beauty which is at the other side of their minds and is liable to precisely the same danger. Force and speed are preeminent in their own sphere: to be made subjects of art they need to be transfigured and irradiated by something more than their own light. And the same insensibility which accepts them as artistic ideals is apparent in the poetry and the music which these men have offered as the first outcome of their school. Marinetti's poem on the Balkan war is extraordinarily vivid and direct: it carries the reader forward with almost the force of personal experience: but it is entirely without any delight except that of swift motion. Pratella's example of composition, printed at the end of *Musica Futurista*, has some vigorous and swinging rhythm; but there is little in it to arrest the attention, and the greater part of it seems to me either trivial or monotonous.¹ The territory which the Futurists claim may be theirs by right, but they have not yet shown that they can administer it.

Traditionalism closes a chapter, revolt attempts to tear the pages out of the book. A wiser and more progressive art recognises the value of what has been written and begins its new chapter at the point where the last concluded. Of this we have, in the music of the present day, many instances from many lands:—the native wood-notes of Sibelius, the delicate and tender art of Ravel, Stravinsky's melody and humour and amazing gift of orchestral colour;—all in their way breaking new ground, all taking their points of departure from past achievement. Among these is one man who may specially be taken as typical: an artist who as yet attempted few fields of composition but in those has shown remarkable genius and a rapid and continuous advance. Scriabine is still a young man, and of his published works, which have now passed the seventieth opus-number, more than half have been produced during the last six years. A large majority of them are written for pianoforte solo; among the others are a piano concerto (op. 20) three symphonies (op. 26, 29, 43) and two very striking symphonic poems of which "Prometheus" (op. 60) has done more than anything else to establish his reputation. It is worth adding that ten of his pianoforte works are sonatas and that the latest of these is op. 70.

¹It is fair to say that I am judging by the pianoforte score. But it is this which Pratella quotes as his illustration.

So far it would seem as though he were merely a 'conservative' musician, content to accept the traditional forms and little concerned with their extension or development. But when we study the music we find that the reverse is the case. In his hands the sonata widens and enlarges until it becomes a new means of expression. Each symphony is more adventurous than its predecessor, and the symphonic poems are triumphs of successful audacity. Here is no timid and laggard art: every step is planted firmly and every movement is onward. His early work shows traces of Chopin's influence, yet always with a distinctive note: by the time that he has reached op. 25, (a set of nine dainty mazurkas) the period of studentship is definitely over and from thence forward he speaks with his own voice. As his work proceeds it grows more sonorous, more impetuous, more passionate: the formal restraints fall away, not by violence but by natural expansion from within: it is music as free as thought and as vigorous as life, which has won strength through discipline, and liberty through reverence for law. Among technical points may be noted the variety and flexibility of his rhythm, the fulness and richness of his harmonisation, and his gradual acceptance of the chromatic scale as basis, an acceptance so frankly given in the end that two of his latest sonatas have no key-signature. But these speak only of the grammar and vocabulary of his art, they are the dry bones upon which he has breathed the spirit of romance. Amid the younger composers of Europe there is none whose present achievement holds out greater promise for the future.

A few years then, have sufficed to develop a genius which starts from Chopin and has already all the neologisms of music at its command. In its development the stages are as clearly traceable as in that of any other composer—not of course in unbroken line but in general trend and direction.¹ And this progress is the reaction of a vivid and powerful mind on resources and materials which had long been in preparation. Take for instance the use of the chromatic scale. As far back as 1840 Chopin was employing half-tones with a freedom which brought upon him the wrath of conservative critics: then came Liszt with his dream of a *genre omnitonique*, then a number of masters who helped each in his way to bring that dream nearer to realisation. Wagner treated the appoggiatura as no man had treated it

¹e. g. of the Pianoforte works, the Mazurkas (Op. 25), the Fantasie (Op. 28), the two Poèmes (Op. 32), the Preludes (Op. 35), the Poème Satanique (Op. 36), and the seventh and tenth sonatas. The first symphony (Op. 26) is more or less on customary lines, the third (Op. 43) is virtually a symphonic poem, and after that come Le poème de l'extase (Op. 54) and Prometheus (Op. 60).

before him, wove his orchestral texture out of a new and often chromatic polyphony, and made his actors follow as nearly as possible the cadences of the speaking voice. Dvořák showed wonderful ingenuity in the combination and succession of remote tonalities, and in one of his smaller works (*Poetische Stimmungsbilder* No. 12) tried the experiment of such continuous and rapid modulation that the music could bear no key-signature. Grieg devised a scheme of harmonic colour which unquestionably influenced Debussy on one side—César Franck another and richer scheme which influenced not only Debussy but all subsequent French music. Strauss in the first two numbers of "*Heldenleben*" broke down all distinctions together and treated all notes in the scale as equally related. Meanwhile the Russian composers from Moussorgsky onward were bringing their own solution of the problem; one can trace it in Cui, and still more in Rimsky-Korsakov, and so onward to the younger school of which Scriabine and Stravinsky are among the most conspicuous masters. There is no doubt that the whole texture of music has in this way been greatly enriched, its vocabulary widened, its possibility of expressing enlarged. But there are two attendant dangers. One that all this opulence and splendour may be gained at some expense of purity, and that the ear overcharged with sound may lose its nicety and cleanliness of judgment: one that in employing for common use the whole range of musical language there may be nothing left for moments of emphasis. The effect of harmony depends more than anything else in music on its context: a dominant seventh in Mozart, an augmented sixth in Schubert may strike us as with incomparable pleasure because they stand as supreme points of colour in a phrase that has been specially toned down to prepare for them. Nowadays it is not unusual to see on the printed page an apparently recondite modulation which, when we hear it, leaves us cold because we are already surfeited. In other words one kind of climax,—that which comes from sheer reserve and reticence in colour—appears to be less at the disposal of modern music than it was at that of the great classics.

It is for this reason, among others, that design is becoming more and more dependent upon expression. The balance, held perfectly by Beethoven, is now swinging definitely over to the poetic side, and 'sonate que veux-tu' is no longer an intelligible question. This again is only the continuation of a process which has been going on ever since the beginning of the art: the work of every period has seemed formal to its successor and we are in this matter also the inheritors of past ages. But the insistence on

expression and even representation in music is now more urgent and more prevalent than it has ever been. Our favourite forms are dramas and ballets of action, songs in which melody is pushed to the point of declamation, symphonic poems and descriptive overtures; even our chamber-works are beginning to look from their window at the street or the landscape. Now it is a commonplace that all true music is expressive—the outcome of a vital impulse which speaks because it cannot keep silence. Music which has no emotion behind it is a mere academic puzzle: the merriest of Haydn's scherzos, the lightest rondo of Mozart has its own feeling as truly as the slow movement of the Choral symphony. But to make expression the sole measure of form is an artistic blunder. For one thing, if it is to build a climax wholly out of emotion it is in danger of piling Pelion upon Ossa until it culminates in mere wildness and extravagance: for another if it entirely disregards formal beauty it will soon dispense with beauty of sound and replace the orchestra, as indeed Signor Marinetti has already done, by a babel of noise-machines. And for those of us who think that the first business of music is to be beautiful these extremes are a little bewildering. By all means, we say, carry your emotion as far as is consistent with loveliness, by all means 'let the idea create its own form' provided that the form be intelligible. But mere intensity is not sufficient in itself—otherwise the most artistic things in the world would be blind rage and inarticulate passion. It is not only that if we abrogate objective law we give up all hopes of a standard and place ourselves at the mercy of any young gentleman who crashes his fist on the piano and calls that a 'Mood' or an 'Impression.' Even if the feeling be genuine it is but the raw material of art, and the finished work must be such as gives us joy in the hearing.

At all times there have been pedants who would check advance and hot-headed revolutionaries who would misdirect it. At all times there have been musicians who sang for profit and musicians who sang for popularity and musicians who, like Dryden's rustic:—

Whistled as they went for want of thought.

But at all times and at the present no less than any, there have been artists of high aim and noble purpose who recognise that the greatest genius is he to whom the world means most, and that if a man is strong enough to create he is also receptive enough to learn. The present age is neither exceptional nor anomalous. Some of the new music is the conscious readjustment

of old materials—the sounds are strange but they have no fresh idea to convey. Some is merely the trick of a mischievous child who will learn better when he grows up: some the natural but passing anger of a revolt against prettiness or pedantry. And through all these the great stream of music continues its appointed course, not unconscious of the swirls and eddies at the bank-sides, but recognising that some of them are flowing backward, and some are spinning round and round, and yet all will ultimately find their way into the volume of its waters. In art the good that men do lives after them and all true effort is absorbed in a common immortality.

THE FUNCTION OF MUSICAL CRITICISM

By W. J. HENDERSON

IN the age of analysis and introspection we probe all things. If we are disposed but little to philosophical contemplation, and much to the materialistic scrutiny of physical science, our results are perhaps none the less valuable. Sooner or later the supremacy of the inductive method of reasoning is bound to enforce itself, and upon the observation of our patiently acquired array of cold fact we are incited to rear an edifice of codified law. That in the end we subject the very process itself to the operation of its own methods is inevitable. Criticism must above all things be self-critical, lest it mistake its own purpose.

In the popular mind criticism occupies a vague position and enjoys a very tenuous respect. It is judged not by ultimate, but by immediate results. The dramatic critic goes to the first performance of a new play, writes a comment perhaps none too favorable for the next morning's journal, and on the third night the theatre is full. *Ergo* the critic has failed and the worthlessness of his office is once more happily demonstrated. The music critic declares that the creations of Richard Strauss are not of the order of genuine art. Straightway they are performed all over the world and applauded rapturously. Once more the inefficiency of criticism is proved.

With proper esteem for critical commentary I submit that all this is entirely aside from its ultimate purpose. Even the writings of some who have taken the trouble to turn upon this profession the light of reflection have not altogether cleared up the matter. An American scholar of fine literary sensitiveness, William C. Brownell, has put forth a thin volume on criticism. He declares that it is the expression of the concrete in terms of the abstract. "It is its function to discern and characterize the abstract qualities informing the concrete expression of the artist." In the opinion of Mr. Brownell criticism is required to go behind the creation to the mind of the creator. It must inquire in what measure this mind has mastered its own conception and how far the art (which

is the creator's system of expression) has been able to communicate it to the world. Nor should it stop here, for in the last instance it is compelled to consider the value of the conception itself. As far as this, the more intelligent part of a limited public, genuinely interested in art, is willing to follow criticism. But unfortunately it is in this way that radical error achieves its conquest. For so long as we confine ourselves to the consideration of this man or that woman and the complete expression of an exclusively personal idea, so long shall we remain on the lower levels of the domain of art. Mr. Brownell has not made the mistake of leaving his readers in the comfort of their own complacency. He has pointed out as the largest of all functions of criticism the duty of "establishing and determining the relation of art and letters to the life that is their substance and their subject as well." I am of the opinion that even this definition does not fully set forth the high office of criticism. This office is obscured because there is so little room for its exercise.

As known and understood in this country musical criticism is a department in the complicated service of the daily newspaper. The critic, harnessed to the chariot of the press, is no brother of Pegasus, but rather of the more humble steed that draws the early milk wagon to the consumer's door. What he brings, you take with your coffee. He is but a polite newsmonger, permitted in the routine of his day to make his bow before you and say: "Yester-even Mistress Farrar was in prodigious spirit and her song was vastly diverting" or "Were you at Mr. Kneisel's concert of chamber music last night? I do assure it was admirably prepared. My Lady Smith and Lord Jones applauded right heartily." And this is criticism as the man in the street knows it. Small wonder that he discredits it.

But even when it rises to clearer heights and attempts a wide survey of a new composition, a survey in which the discernment of the operation of the artist mind behind the work must surely be sought, even here the restrictions of the professional gossip are not to be removed. But by taking thought and stemming opposition with a heart of controversy some may contrive to rise above the conventions of the newspaper and compel the reader to think of something larger than the mere personal triumph of the artist or the possible popularity of the new opera.

Whether these critics have formulated a theory of their art or not, their practise thrusts forward certain features which furnish a basis for definition. The daily occupations of musical criticism are indeed manifold; but as it is deducible from the methods

of the best commentators on both sides of the western ocean, its ultimate function is to measure musical art by the standard of the thought of its time.

This is not a simple postulate; it is rather a summary of basic laws. But it sets forth a vital principle which must govern all critical commentary worthy of esteem. The commentator who carries the art work away into the seclusion of his own spiritual paradise, and, shut out from the raging of the heathen or the confusion of jarring sects, seeks to saturate his soul with its meaning as a purely monastic creation, serves no real end. He may glorify his own ego and indirectly pander to the vanity of the artist, but he is out of tune with the world and ciphers in the computation of humanity. He may preen himself upon the chastity of his thoroughly dispassionate speculation, but he is one of the futilities. What Walter Pater said is truth:

The true illustration of the speculative temper is not the Hindoo mystic, lost to sense, understanding and individuality, but one such as Goethe, to whom every moment of life brought its contribution of experimental individual knowledge, by whom no touch of the world of form, color and passion was disregarded.

And note that the key to this attitude of Goethe is its intense alertness, its candor in facing the beautiful as an integral factor of daily life. This brings us to the necessity of considering what must precede in the criticizing mind the measurement of the art work by the standard of its time. Since the creation places itself always in front of the creator, since only from it can we eventually deduce our understanding of him, it follows that criticism finds itself first of all in the presence of a tangible embodiment of an intangible conception, and that its first effort is to recognize the art work as the adequate presentation or realization of an art ideal.

There has never been any period in the development of the art of music when this portion of the function of criticism was of more importance than it is at this moment. (For it is obvious that criticism to-day cannot confine itself to the brilliancy of the technical achievement nor even to the absolute beauty of the music as such, because the composer of to-day refuses to write music dissociated from some ideal lying outside the art itself. His incessant effort is to raise or lower music to the estate of a representative art. Herein he seeks to evade the responsibility which should stand always before him of worshipping his art for its own sake.)

Music is the most complete and self reliant of the arts. It has no utilitarian purpose, like architecture; it never, like literature,

becomes a treasure chest for the archives of history. Despite Wagner's exhilarating interpretation of the Seventh Symphony as "the apotheosis of the dance," that composition remains an absolute symphony in A major, capable of resting wholly upon its own musical beauty. A suite by Bach can live a thing of beauty and a joy forever, even while it calmly defies every attempt to create for it any foundation outside its own thematic materials. Mozart's concertos and the symphonies of Brahms belong in this same class. All their eloquence consists in lofty song. They tell no stories; they paint no pictures; they make no futile essays at preaching philosophies.

The critic who sets himself to the estimate of such music thinks only of music, that unapproachable art in which the form and the substance are wed in perfect union. But when he scrutinizes the music of the contemporaneous period, he finds an art ideal wholly different. He is compelled to accept, as it were, a double standard. He must first consider whether the art ideal which is to receive tangible expression is in itself beautiful and indeed musical at all, and second whether the expression constitutes an artistic product. And in bending his mind to this second consideration, he is inevitably forced back to the primal condition of the tone art. He must ask himself whether the thing is beautiful as a musical composition regardless of its relation to the extraneous thoughts which the composer's title or programme seeks to associate with it.

Perhaps it is exceeding the boundaries of this essay to make an example of any particular musician; yet a purpose may be served by doing so. The career of Richard Strauss has been glorified by wide and brilliant public success. It has been followed by excited and varied critical comment, much of which has wholly missed the mark simply because the commentators have seldom succeeded in separating the two fundamental elements of his art. They have accepted an extraordinary power of expression as a demonstration of the existence of a first rate genius.

The operation of this type of criticism is one sided. It has caused failure to perceive the high success of Strauss in the fashioning of a logical musical form, as in his "Heldenleben," and at the same time has neglected to notice the narrow range of musical ideas set forth in the composition and also the cheap egotism of its pretended philosophy. Musicians wax rhapsodic when they talk of "Don Quixote," whereas the work is palpably nothing but an excessively smart piece of orchestral virtuosity. Precisely the same things might be said of the operas of Puccini,

which are without question achievements in the highest regions of theatrical technic.

However, let us not be so far turned aside from the path of our discussion as to make comments on lyric dramas, for these lie furthest from the soul of true musical art. It remains incontestable today, as it has for centuries past, that the best music is that which is nothing but music. Next to that stands the music which unites with poetry in the purest and simplest of composite forms, the song. So to return to the delineative tone poems of Strauss as examples, we must be convinced that in studying such art criticism finds its function rather complex. The embodiment of the intangible ideal is overwhelmingly clever at first sight; but protracted contemplation of the art work satisfies us that it is cleverness, not the utterance of genius, that confronts us. Even the cleverness is not sustained, nor of cohesive texture. It is rather a series of feats, each accomplished by violent effort, and joined by ingeniously prepared illusion. For the public it is instantaneous. The public sees only the success of the moment. Its clamor of approval is for "the man of the hour." Criticism should seek only for the man of the age.

But before soaring to this highest flight of its reconnaissance it must try the artist before the tribunal of his own art. Is the thing music? Alas, then comes that eternal question, What is music? And no question is more perplexing. The performing musicians have one ideal; the teachers another, the theorists a third. The public has none, and criticism vainly seeks for one to thrust upon it. "Le roi s'amuse," is the war cry of the public. The average composer, like Autolycus, "hath songs for man or woman, of all sizes." When, therefore, the contemplative eye of criticism falls upon a master who follows the inner light of his own genius, who believes with all the flaming force of an almost fanatic faith in the eternal verity of his artistic creed and recks not whether the present welcomes him or not, then indeed must its scrutiny be directed with special care. For to commune only with one's own spirit and to believe utterly in one's own fancies does not necessarily mean that one is another Bach.

Music, like the other arts, addresses itself to some one—not exclusively to its own maker, nor yet to a few kindred souls. Art which cannot reach a public is without life. It is futile for the composer or the poet to sit like Prentice's Napoleon "wrapped in the solitude of his own originality." Yet there is after all no great difficulty in discovering the line of demarcation between the man who follows and the man who leads the public. The former

prostrates himself at the feet of his audience; the latter preaches from the pulpit of art with irresistible eloquence. In considering the product of the man whose eyes are ever fixed on the altar of art and who perhaps demands readier sympathy than the public can give, the position of criticism may become unassailable, or at any rate tremendously helpful. Is it Music? Not, is it the kind of music Beethoven or Mozart or Tschaikowsky wrote; but is it music, founded imperishably on the immutable laws of art? That is the test, and whether he shelters himself behind the classic ramparts of the old masters or storms the strange harmonic heights held by the Schoenbergs and the Debussys, by this test every master must stand or fall.

And it is the application of this standard which inevitably brings criticism to the consideration of the second great item in its catalogue, namely, the reconstruction of the artist. The permanence of the work of any artist rests largely upon the heroism of his personality. It cannot rest wholly upon it, for the art work must in the end stand by itself. But suppose a man were asked to determine who would in all probability exert the wider and deeper and more lasting influence on the development of opera, Verdi or Puccini. The answer without doubt would be in favor of the former because the artistic power and value of his work was inseparably interwoven with the profound sincerity of his nature. Puccini, on the other hand, pairs with Strauss in the cunning use of a highly finished technic to achieve immediate public success.

In the study of such a figure as Anton Bruckner there is food for tears, for surely musical history has no more pathetic hero than this. Of his religious faith in his own ideals one cannot have an instant of doubt. Of his mastery of the method of expression, on the other hand, there is ground for question on almost every page. Yet the reconstruction of the artist from his art compels us to deep respect. We recognize a large, a noble nature, laboring in all the futile agony of uninspired intellectual drudgery to fashion into perfect architecture materials which could be shaped only by the sudden blaze of inspiration. Human sympathy, brotherly love, these clamor for exercise in the presence of such gigantic struggles to compass that which the mind seeks, but the soul cannot bring to birth. Missing is that strange impalpable seed, that unseen impregnating fluid which we call genius. Mozart once jotted down a thematic subject and on referring to it later, made a marginal note: "Nothing will come of that." The unerring insight of his genius told him that he could not develop his theme. If

Bruckner and some of his followers had faced candidly the barrenness of some of their ideas, we should have been spared a vast amount of pity and many pages of pointless modulation.

Yet it was by the labors of such recluse minds as his that the foundations of modern instrumental music were laid. M. Rolland in his "Musiciens d'Autrefois" has pointed to them:

The treasures of faith and energy accumulating themselves in silence; characters simple and heroic; the admirable Heinrich Schütz, who during the Thirty Years War, in the midst of the worst disasters which had ever devasted a country, continued peaceably to chant his faith, robust, grandiose, unshakable; around him Jean Christophe Bach, Jean Michael Bach, ancestors of the great Bach, who seemed to carry in themselves the tranquil presentiment of the genius which should issue from them; Pachelbel, Kuhnau, Buxtehude, Zachow, Erlebach—great souls shut all their lives within the narrow circle of a little town or province, known to a handful of men, without ambition, without hope of surviving, singing for themselves alone and for their God and who, among all the sorrows private and public amassed slowly, obstinately, reserves of force and moral health, building stone upon stone the future grandeur of Germany.

These were organists and the service of the church vitalized their powers, as it afterward did those of the "great Bach." But in later years the urgent necessity of the appeal to the public became a dominating force in the development of our art. The composer, no longer an organist, emerged from the cloister and battled with the multitude of hucksters in the public market place. And here we may study him. Händel writing perfectly conventionalized operas for a flat-minded audience, Haydn courting the favor of princes and potentates with symphonies not too long, nor too broad, nor too deep; Beethoven defying at the same instant aristocratic patrons and the rules of theorists, Mendelssohn, an infant prodigy retaining his charming juvenility till the end.

The man and the music, the music and the man: these stand and fall together and thus the magic spell of human interest attaches itself to every page of score.

It is at this point, too, that we are confronted by the demand of the interpretative artist. Of this any one who places the function of criticism upon a high plane would wish to say very little. The consideration of the performer is the least important office of real criticism; but unfortunately it is the one on which the public lays the largest attention. You may write many pages assailing the fame of Beethoven and no one will take issue with you; but expose the paltry pretenses of some third rate opera singer and the vials of wrath are opened.

But brave and independent criticism does not care whether the people rage and the heathen imagine a vain thing. Its duty in regard to performance is plain and simple. It must seek for the existence of creative force, for that unconquerable personal power which raises a pianist or a violinist to the rank of preacher of the gospel of Beethoven or Chopin, the opera singer to that of ambassador of Verdi or Wagner. All that lies below this level is but a matter for the routine record of the day. It comes from the east; it sinks into the west; the rest is darkness. Where it was there is nothing, not even a memory.

Yet it is over such filamentous trifles that the daily newspapers for numerous reasons (chiefly the desire of their readers), spend much ink. Popularity here works havoc with the perspectives of the newspaper. Little singers, whose singing is of no more importance in the world of real art than the chirping of a cricket in the vast scheme of Nature, are accorded long spaces of foolish laudation merely because they have a certain public following. Two score pianists parade their technic in the course of a single New York season and thirty-five of them read Beethoven's sonatas as the leading man of a college dramatic society might act *Hamlet*. But each must be gravely pondered, weighed and investigated despite the fact that there is nothing to consider beyond agility of finger, sensitiveness of touch, and perhaps also a feeling for color. But no more of this. It is enough to say that criticism of performance has fulfilled its office when it proclaims to the world the existence of a real interpretative organism, a mind and a technic capable of recreating the art of a master.

To return then to the loftier duty, that of studying the originating soul and its product, we must once more lay emphasis on the asseveration that the ultimate function of criticism is the discernment and appreciation of the art work in its relation to the spirit of its time.) What, then, becomes of immortal fame? Well, in the first place it is extremely doubtful that such a thing exists. Certainly musical art is so young that no one dare predict the indestructibility of any creation brought forth up to the present. But granting that immortality can be attained, one thing is perfectly certain, and that is that it is never gained by deliberately setting out in pursuit of it. The man who enslaves himself to so vague an object cannot become free, and only a free mind can create great things.

But he who is aflame with the thought of his own time and who is urged night and day by irresistible forces to strive for its expression, he is the man upon whom the world will in the end bestow the

title of master. Large or small in type his work may be; that matters not. The Providence of art watches the fall of the sparrow, too. A pretentious epic sinks into obscurity and a three-stanza lyric goes singing itself down the pathways of the centuries. A folk song, bred in the puissant loins of unconscious parenthood, marches in the highways and trumpets the thought of a people and an epoch. Where is the composer who can imprison the mood of such a song? For him the laurel and the glory. "Every reform," says Emerson, "was once a private opinion, and when it shall be a private opinion again, it will solve the problem of the age." Every art reform was once a private opinion and when it becomes every one's private opinion it is merged in the spirit of its time and puts on immortality.

If a man writes not for a time, but for all time, it is because he is filled full to the very lips with the essence of his own period. The supereminence of every mastercreation of humanity is proof of it. The Parthenon stands a deathless monument on the summit of the Acropolis because it breathes the spirit of the age of Pericles. It offers no single line that springs parallel with the feeling of today, yet it dominates the modern world of art. Is this, as is frequently said, because it is a perfect embodiment of the Grecian soul? To assert this is to deal in vagueness. What thrusts itself before us oftenest as the type of the Greek soul? It is the Greek of the decadence, rather than the triumphant hero of the Periclean Athens. The latter was not specifically the worshipper of Pan, or Bacchus or even the three-formed huntress. He was a disciple of Athena Parthenos. Because this matchless piece of architecture proclaims more brilliantly than any song or history the lordly pose of the age of young intellect in Athens, it stands even yet the epitome of a mighty yesterday risen from the dead and made part of eternity.

The Persian war had raised Athens to the zenith of commercial and political prosperity. She was queen of the Mediterranean. A thousand miles of Asia Minor coast lay subject to her hand; her galleys plowed through all the midland seas; her store houses were fat with the golden plenty of the East. Rich and powerful, she expressed herself in pure art which made her walls unbroken lines of splendor. She published herself in the mellow accents of Athenian oratory. She became the seat of philosophical thought and to her flocked the sages of Ionia, Italy, Egypt and Asia Minor. All were weighed and tested, and Athenian thought centered itself in that higher analysis which ushered in the mighty age of reason in Greece, the age of Socrates. In such a time, then, Pericles, himself

a human embodiment of it, set upon the Acropolis an art work which unites, as no other in all the world, pure beauty with solidity, architectural sentiment with the serene pose of calm intellectuality. It is the very soul of the Periclean Athens carved in stone.

This is a swift and passing view of an immortal art work in relation to its time. Had the genius of Ictinus and Callicrates failed to grasp the nature of the problem set them when they essayed to create a temple for the soul of Athens as typified in the heroic figure from the chisel of Pheidias, the Parthenon would not have held its supremacy among the architectural works of man. It was not alone that perfection of its plan, nor the exquisite adjustment of its details that made it triumphant. It was its complete and satisfying expression of its time.

The ancient chant of the Roman church is to this day what M. Gevaert has eloquently called it, "Christianity's cry of triumph after two centuries and a half of persecution." The impulse given to church music in that period preserved enough of its vitality twelve centuries later to enrich the liturgy with the last great works of Palestrina, the expiring songs of Gothic music sung by one of the rare and pure souls maintaining its spiritual and artistic chastity amid the church's carnival of material aggrandizement and fleshly indulgence.

Bach signifies a thousandfold more than he is usually represented as signifying in the seclusion of conservatories. Without doubt the technical aspects of his art are of absorbing interest and of vital import in the history of music. But they are too often permitted to obscure the deeper and loftier meaning of his creation. To have analyzed to the last element the system of composition which depended upon the texture of parallel lines of consonant melody, to have discerned with marvellous musical intuition the method of transferring to instruments the scheme of this vocal polyphony, and to summarize in the faultless logic and architectural beauty of the North German fugue the entire musical heritage of the decadent cathedral music of the south was indeed a stupendous musical achievement, and in itself entitled Bach to sit with the Titans.

But one must connote with this the Passions, the Christmas Oratorio, the motets, the cantatas and the characteristic organ chorales and face squarely the element of fundamental chord harmony which so deeply and powerfully differentiates them from the exclusively fugal works. It was in the marriage of the choral and the fugue, two musical elements representing mortally hostile factions in the church, that Bach laid some of the foundations

of modern tonal art; and he did this in seeking for an expression, which, when found, made him the typical exponent of the religious spirit of his time.

It is no more difficult to connect Beethoven and Schubert with the thought of their time, but on the contrary it is imperative that it should be done in order to complete the survey of their art. Beethoven, the revolutionary, the composer of the third, fifth and ninth symphonies "Fidelio" and the "Missa Solemnis," was no more faithful to the spirit of political unrest which was moving across Europe than Beethoven, the idyllic, composing the fourth, sixth and seventh symphonies, "An die ferne Geliebte" and the early quartets, was to the wave of literary romanticism which floated the exquisite lyrics of Schubert.

And in the bold adventure of Beethoven into new forms, new methods of expression and a new development of the technic of musical detail, the contemplative observer may find a spirit akin to that of the Encyclopedists, who purposed to reform human information, or of Jean Jacques Rousseau whose "Contrat Social" was an endeavor to correct human society's erroneous view of its own constitution and whose "Savoyard Vicar's Confession of Faith" was an essay at exposing the frailty of Roman Catholicism. It was an age of scepticism and revolt and the last quartets of Beethoven were among its fruits as surely as the French Revolution was.

It is not necessary to pursue instances further. But perchance this is the point at which we may pause for a moment to inquire whether the composers of our own day do not suffer from the utter want of a point of view. Or shall we not possibly be forced to declare that some of them profit by it? Have we some composers who suffer from intellectual asceticism, who are unconsciously living outside of the world about them? Or have we others who, incapable of understanding and expressing the spirit of their own time, are nevertheless governed by its less ennobling impulses? The study of one's own time, as already intimated, is a large undertaking, and a small mind is sure to seize on the smallest matters. On the other hand it should be candidly acknowledged that the majority of composers are not essaying such large creations that they can be expected to walk hand in hand with Shakespeare, Michel Angelo, or Schubert. The majority cannot be expected to do more than strike notes which fully harmonize with their time. The musician who does this is not to be put aside as unworthy of exhaustive critical consideration. He may not excite transports, but he will assuredly arouse interest.

It will be urged, and with reason, that the appreciation of a man's work as an embodiment of the spirit of his age is almost impossible to his contemporaries. We do not grasp the meaning of our own time, but are we entirely ignorant of it? Is it not the duty of criticism to look beyond the confines of the art of which it treats? There cannot be any man who has earnestly practised the calling of music critic and who has not arrived at the conviction that nothing human is foreign to him. The more he knows about things outside of music the better qualified he is to discern the significance of a musical art work. And the broader his vision, the higher his point of view, the more will he enter into the spirit of his time.

It is not essential that he should seek to fix the final standing of an art work according to his own conception of his period. Perspectives of all types, and particularly the historical, alter views. But criticism is in duty bound to stand upon the firm foundation of historical scholarship and to rear thereupon an edifice of comment which shall command a clear perspective. If there is probability that contemporaneous criticism may err as to the place of Reger or Debussy in the art world, it is less likely to blunder about the position of Mozart or Donizetti. By close study of the relation of the masters of by gone periods to the spirit of their times one may reach at least a helpful consideration of the relation of the writers of today to their time.

Criticism must do its own work. The musical historians have with one accord treated of the art as if it had grown up in a cloister, secluded from human life and absolutely disconnected from it. It is only occasionally that some wiser scholar, like M. Gevaert, lifts into the sunlight one of the glittering links which chain music to the heels of human progress. It is only rarely that some larger thinker, like M. Rolland, out of the fullness of a liberal intelligence writes of the place of music in history.

The critic who desires to get a sound point of view must trace for himself the connection between music and human life. If a man wishes to penetrate to the intellectual impulses which lay behind the musical composition of the first polyphonic period, he must not content himself with the indolent generalization that this type of art was the product of mechanical experiment by men who had not yet a technic ready to their hands. He will learn far more if he will seek for the intellectual influences which lay outside of music itself but which dominated the thinking of men in that day. He will need to pass through the gates of the University of Paris and saturate his mind with the thought of that institution,

which was then the intellectual law giver of Europe. But he will not be able to acquire this information from histories of music.

In the process of the decades some one will have to confront the incontestable fact that Germany has produced no creative musician since Brahms. We of this hour may tremble at the thoughts which crowd upon us, which seem unavoidable in the presence of the embattled nations of Europe. We wisely hesitate to attempt to trace the connection between the dominance of the military spirit and the conquest of Europe by a composer who frankly confesses—indeed even boasts—that commercial supremacy is the goal of his ambition. But if we admit with much relief that the burden of this task must descend to our successors, we cannot altogether blind our eyes to flaming truth. We are bound to see that the radical defect of the musical art of our own time is its determination to be popular. Certainly, as has already been said, no one can expect composers to set out with the resolve that they will do nothing toward the favor of the people. But is there not at this moment too much readiness to feed fat its idle prejudices?

Writing of Puccini, Vernon Blackburn declares that he is "essentially the man of his own generation—the one who has caught up the spirit of his time and made his compact with that time in order that he should not lose anything which a contemporary generation might give him." Whereupon Lawrence Gilman adds: "That is to say, he has, with undoubted artistic sincerity, played upon the insatiable desire of the modern ear for an ardent and elemental kind of melodic effect and upon the acquired desire of the modern intelligence for a terse and dynamic substratum of the drama."

One applauds fervently the valorous planting of these critical standards upon the bastions of the *Zeitgeist*. At the same instant one is lost in wonder at the position thus gained. No higher summary of any man's life accomplishment can be made than to say that he is "essentially a man of his own generation—the one who has caught up the spirit of his time." No more can be said of Pericles, of Savonarola, of Mantegna, of Thackeray, of Lincoln. But there is room for much inquiry as to how Mr. Gilman reconciles Puccini's artistic sincerity with his brilliantly successful skill in playing upon an "insatiable desire of the modern ear."

It is by putting forth such a critical summary as this that the critic perhaps seeks to pair himself with the moment. Honest and earnest indeed as both the quoted writers have long ago proved themselves to be, in discussing this lyric magician they fear to place themselves in a false position. Well indeed may they entertain

such a fear, for who can settle the matter? It does not follow that a composer is inferior because he is popular. Chopin is the most popular of piano composers, and it is conceded that he ranks among the masters. All young people who still read poetry adore Mrs. Browning's "Sonnets from the Portuguese," yet they cannot be excluded from the company of the elect.

The true desideratum, after all, is not the infallibility of criticism. The acquisition of a ready made opinion is sought only by the intellectually incapable or idolent. A real man prefers to think for himself; and the best criticism is that which compels him to do so. Therefore what we should value most in critical commentary is its point of view, its endeavor to attain an altitude from which the whole breadth of the subject may be surveyed. Unfortunately this type of criticism, like the art with which it will be obliged to concern itself, will not command the attention of a large public. It will perchance address itself to the society of the intellectual, and its dearest hope should be to raise music to that station beside literature and painting which that society habitually neglects to give to it.

Despite its wide activity the art of music is still in need of propaganda and of explication. Halting, inadequate, often blundering as it must ever be, critical discussion is still the foremost agent in bringing to the general public a perception of the nature of musical art and of the ends sought by composers. This is none the less true because the major part of the criticism which reaches the public eye is a mere record of the doings of performers. Admitting that such critical commentary is nothing more than the ephemeral record of the passing incident, we shall find that by sheer force of accretion even this increases the general stock of appreciation of that which lies behind the performance. Meanwhile the broader outlooks of such masters of critical practice as Rolland, Dent, Newman and their compeers must inevitably lead men toward a discernment of the organization of musical art.

ENSEMBLE

By J. A. FULLER-MAITLAND

IT is rather sad that in order to express one of the finest and most enjoyable functions of music, we should be forced to use a French word, and that not a particularly beautiful word. English equivalents for it do exist, or rather, have existed, but they are now counted among the obsolete coins of our verbal currency, and few musicians would understand what was meant by either "consort" or "concent," as respectively distinguished from "concert" and "consent," or as having any definite musical meaning at all. So that we must put up with *ensemble* when we want to talk of that part of music, which is produced by the co-operation of several performers.

The pleasure that arises from this kind of music,—apart from its intrinsic merits or the reverse,—is perhaps the purest that any art can afford. It may be said to be twice blessed, for it blesses those that play and those that hear. It is not every good player who can be a good concerted performer, and many listeners who are quite competent to give an opinion on solo music, are constitutionally—or so it would seem—unable to grasp the essence of the concerted music they hear. Very often, too, the latter class enjoy a performance because it has a good ensemble, without being able to give a name to the source of their enjoyment.

The use of the word "play" seems to imply that ensemble music is purely instrumental; it is, of course, no such thing, and as much care is required to secure a good ensemble in a vocal piece as in an instrumental; indeed, it might be urged that no class of music is entirely without it; and certain it is that in no class of music is a knowledge of ensemble out of place. Where there is even a pianoforte accompaniment, there is ensemble; and if we turn to the most isolated form of music we can think of, an unsupported violin solo or a song without accompaniment, even there the executant who understands ensemble will acquit himself better than one who does not. In Joachim's wonderful playing of Bach's Chaconne for violin alone, there was the prominence of one part as related to another, which is the essence of ensemble; and in Casals's interpretation of Bach's unaccompanied suite for

violoncello in C, even the opening downward scale has in it such *modelling*, if the phrase may be allowed, such exquisite balance in the tempo and force of each note, as would prove the artist to excel in concerted music. Almost any pianoforte solo of importance has points which can only be given properly by players who have at least the instinct for ensemble; and the relation of the parts played by the two hands is itself of the same nature. The famous saying of Chopin, that his left hand was used to regulate the rhythm of the piece while the right hand was freer in motion, implies some degree of understanding between the two, some "give and take," and a good deal of that unconscious sympathy which, turned into other channels, makes a good ensemble.

In orchestral and choral music, it might be imagined that the art of ensemble was not required; here no doubt, the conductor is the person whose possession or lack of any given quality will be criticized, not the performers themselves, but here, too, though there is no actual co-operation in the production of the effect, since the performers must obey the will of a single mind, yet unless the conductor knows how to hold the balance amongst his forces, he will not go very far.

In opera, the word is used in a slightly different sense, of that kind of excellence in a cast which is the result of careful selection and the avoidance of "star" singers who are perhaps so called because they shed their full light only when relieved against a dark background. An "all-star" cast is often spoken of and advertised as if it were a good ensemble, when, in truth, it is no such thing. The operatic stage employs the word in yet another sense, of the musical numbers that are written for several solo voices in combination. Here the merits of the performance must be judged by the kind of relations which the persons in the drama bear to one another, whether they may be supposed to be moved by the same impulses, or to be contrasted with each other; three Rhine-maidens trained on entirely different methods of vocalization, would be no less absurd than an Elsa and an Ortrud whose voices should be of such similar quality that they would be indistinguishable except in the matter of range. Most opera-singers find out early in life what kind of part suits them best, and after they have made their success they step outside their own class of rôles at their peril; the feat performed by Shaliapin in *Prince Igor*, of impersonating two such widely different characters as the voluptuous Galitzin and the good-natured savage khan, is probably unique in operatic history; for even singers who might possess enough histrionic ability to make the effective contrast between the two would lack

the power of so colouring their voices as to alter their whole personality in the manner of this great artist.

But while there is, or should be, a measure of ensemble in all music, the ordinary use of the word is confined to what is called "chamber music," or music for several instrumentalists, each of whom is solely responsible for the interpretation of his own part. In very early times, we may suppose that the combinations of available instruments varied a good deal, and that composers were obliged to write to suit those which they had at their command. In regard to this, it must be remembered that neither the orchestras nor the choirs of old times had reached the dimensions of those which we now hear. The dividing line between a quartet and a stringed orchestra was a hardly perceptible one, and it was the same with vocal music, for it is a matter of history that the St. Matthew Passion of Bach was first given with only sixteen singers in all, and no more than twenty instrumentalists. So that in instrumental music, it did not very much matter whether things were written for one performer to each part, or more. The concertos of Corelli, Händel, and others, must have employed upon the *ripieno* parts, or what we should now call the orchestral accompaniments, hardly more players than were engaged upon the *concertino*, the group of solo players. The function of the conductor at the same period were very much less definite than they are at the present day. It would seem that down to a comparatively recent date, one of his chief duties was to fill up at the harpsichord or pianoforte such gaps as might appear, and to cover up mistakes. We may perhaps take the "consort of viols" as being one of the earliest attempts at chamber music, and in this connection it is curious to notice how general was the practice of employing little bands of kindred instruments. It was no doubt for practical reasons that groups of flutes, cornetti, etc. were used by themselves; but the comparatively late date at which these different groups were drawn upon to make up an orchestra may serve also to show that there was feeling for the unified tone-quality which is the characteristic beauty of the string-quartet.

As time went on, no doubt these groups became conventionalized, and gradually there emerged a fashion for the employment of two violins and a "bass," the party consisting of either three or four members. For the expression "bass" did not always refer to a single part, but generally implied the participation of a keyed instrument, used to fill up the harmonies of the middle parts, the absence of which would leave an objectionable gap between the violins and the actual bass. The "bass," or *basso continuo*, was

usually played on a violoncello, more rarely on a double-bass, in association with a harpsichord or other keyed instrument, their parts being as a rule identical, save only that, in the part for the harpsichord, there were figures above the notes indicating, in a kind of shorthand, the harmonies that the player was expected to fill in. This leaving of things to the discretion of one performer, like the liberty allowed to individual singers to embellish their parts as they pleased, gave of course a certain variety to the performance, since no two harpsichord players would play precisely the same notes, and if the player happened to be Bach, the filling-up of the harmonies would be a thing delightful in itself, and probably extremely intricate.

All this, while it left much to the taste of the individual, did not leave very much room for the peculiar excellences which we now call a "good ensemble." This quality must have come into use as a thing deliberately studied, somewhere about the time that the classical period of music began, when the string quartet became the regular recognized medium for the expression of the composer's purest and most elevated ideas. The introduction of a piano into the combination leads to a different set of problems; for while the comparatively weak, brittle tone of the harpsichord and the other "plucked" instruments blends so well with that of the bowed instruments that its presence is never felt as a disturbance, the more individual tone of the piano, as well as its greater force, oblige it to be employed in a very different way from that of the old masters. It can occasionally be regarded, it is true, just like its predecessor, as an accompaniment to the strings; but in many cases it is associated with them on equal terms, and there are many passages in quartets and quintets with piano, (and even sometimes in trios), where the piano is set in opposition to the strings, holding a kind of dialogue with them. But the finest kind of ensemble is no doubt to be desired in the string quartet, where the identity of tone-quality among the four instruments obliges the composer to get his effects by the intrinsic interest of his ideas, not by the variety of "colour" he can spread over his canvas. To listen to a great quartet-party, such as the Joachim Quartet, or one of those who in the present day have followed most closely in that master's steps, is a musical education in itself; and if at first the hearer is puzzled by the interweaving of the parts, or wearied by the want of variety in the tone-colour, he would be well-advised to persevere in the study of this music, and he may be sure that he will end, as other musicians have ended, in thinking it the noblest medium of music in existence.

For the interpreter of concerted music, be he violinist, pianist, or singer, certain qualities are needed, some of which are no doubt constitutional, while others are to be acquired by study, though all can be improved by training. Technical accomplishment must be present, it goes without saying; and though each player in a quartet need not be a first-rate artist, yet each must be master of such resources as he has, and each must at all events go as far as being able to play the notes set down for him without hesitation and at the proper pace. It is only the half-baked amateur who will dare to take part in a string quartet "because he is not good enough to play solos," just as it is only an ignoramus who will think that a good accompanist has become so merely because he could not attain great proficiency as a soloist. All practical musicians know the fallacy involved here, and the desire to expose it would not of itself warrant me in writing about ensemble music and its interpretation.

The next essential quality is that which is called "insight," or the power of perceiving in a musical composition the points at which such things as climaxes can suitably be made, where one part should be subordinated to another, and where this or that part should be made to stand out prominently. This, though innate in a few musicians, is a quality which can be vastly increased by study of musical scores, and all may usefully cultivate the power, though unfortunately it is only very few artists who exhibit it in public. How many singers realize the points in the accompaniment of their songs, or recognize the musicianship of the accompaniment beyond the power of keeping his part in the background while yet giving them a comfortable degree of support? There are a good many violinists, attracted by feats of virtuosity, who would be puzzled to tell a good accompanist from a bad. A higher standard prevails among the players of the lower stringed instruments and among pianists, for the former are almost compelled to realize in some degree the fact that their own part is not everything, and the latter must occasionally be required to pay attention to parts not their own; such attention is made far easier for them than for others by the fact that the piano part, in modern editions of concerted music, has the other parts printed above it. This was not formerly the case, and it would be interesting to know whether the pianists of the older generation, when they had only their own part to read, excelled in ensemble.

The next necessary quality belongs partly to technique and partly to the things of the mind. It is the power of subordinating oneself or becoming prominent at a moment's notice in the course

of a piece, the quick apprehension of a change of purpose on the part of one of the other performers, and such complete *rappor*t with one's associates that the hearer will not be able to detect that the change has been made without previous arrangement. This is a merit which accompanists are obliged to possess in some measure; a singer may want a song transposed at a moment's notice, or may be unable to realize some rehearsed effect and may substitute another; here, if the accompanist is able to take the hint quickly, he will gain the admiration of the singer, to say nothing of improving his professional position thereby. I have known cases where a singer has gradually got so flat that the accompanist has been obliged, if the song was to go on at all, to transpose the accompaniment, during the course of the song, a semitone downwards, and where this has been done without revealing to any but one or two experts in the audience the fact that such an expedient had been necessary.

It is actually a rarer thing to find an accompanist who is conscious of his duties in regard to ensemble, than one who can transpose at a moment's notice. For it is sometimes desirable for the pianoforte part of a modern song to become for a moment the leading part, and such things as the close of Schumann's "Frauenliebe und Leben" will at once occur to every amateur as an example of this. But how seldom does one have the pleasure of hearing accompanists who venture at such points to take the centre of the stage, if I may employ this useful metaphor, and to play such a thing as this epilogue as if it were a solo to be interpreted with due expression? Very few modern songs of a high class continue to use the pianoforte part as a mere accompaniment and support to the voice; there are generally duet-portions where the voice and piano must take an equally prominent share; and in such dialogues as Schumann's "Nussbaum" a dull performance of the phrases finished by the piano would be insufferable.

Not that the power of giving out a tone that is (for the moment) uninteresting is to be despised, for it is one of the ensemble-player's most valuable accomplishments. A very useful study as a preparation for ensemble-playing is to acquire command of a tone that may be called colourless. The singer by the use of the *voix blanche* will find that her voice is at once recognized as "blending" well with others, and the violinist who will occasionally discard all tremolo will thereby improve his reputation as a concerted player. The tendency of our modern musical education is so much the other way that it will surprise any normally-gifted player to discover how much of musical interest and vivacity he is in the

habit of putting into his performances unintentionally. I am not going to ask him to forego this expressiveness, but to let it be conscious rather than unconscious, and to that end, to practise occasionally the device of removing all expression from the music. The kind of automatic, stereotyped expressiveness which expresses nothing because it proceeds from habit rather than immediate emotion, is one of the greatest hindrances to musical advance, and such an expedient as I have recommended will give a far more definite realization of the means by which the expression is obtained, and will be lacking neither in profit nor amusement. Of course, this advice is not what one would give to young pupils, for in truth they generally do not need it, their performance being for the most part quite sufficiently wanting in animation; but those who are aiming at distinction in concerted music may be supposed to have passed the pupil-stage, and to them I would earnestly commend this experiment. Those who can subordinate themselves can at the proper moment play the leading part.

The great aim for any artist is to enlarge as far as possible the limits of the resources at his disposal, and the power of withdrawing musical interest from a given passage will enable the musician to *reculer pour mieux sauter*, and to make his great effects far greater by contrast. Many good musicians, and especially amateurs, are apt to fall into monotonous ways of interpreting phrases; some pianists cannot play a chord without "spreading" it, or turning it into an arpeggio; others dread this fault so much that they habitually play the right-hand part before the left, by a trick so aggravating to the listener that it seems quite impossible that it can be done deliberately. Others will always slacken towards a cadence, and others whenever a high note requires prominence, and so on. Who does not know the irritating habit, so tiresome in most church choirs, of getting slow whenever the music gets soft, without regard to specific directions to the contrary? There is perhaps only one convention of phrasing which it is safe to allow oneself; that is, what is known as the "agogic" accent, or a slight slackening after the first note of the bar; it is a detail which will surprise many readers, but if they will listen next time they hear any performer of real maturity of style, they will probably perceive it, and will realize that it gives wonderful shape and meaning to each phrase, and that without any actual increase of force a real accent has been imparted to the music. Like the perpetual arpeggio above mentioned, this "agogic" accent no doubt came into use on the harpsichord, where no emphasis on a note was possible in the shape of increased force.

There are many ways of making one's part prominent, and the delight of doing so need not be dwelt upon. A hundred players or singers can be effective in a prominent situation, for one who can satisfy the critical ear in a subordinate one. For most people, it is the subordinate position that must be studied rather than the other; the power of giving a tone that will blend with others is perhaps the most precious possession the performer of concerted music can acquire. For this there are good acoustic reasons which no private opinion can controvert. If two notes identical in pitch are sounded together, even by instruments of the same quality or by voices of exactly the same character, it will be found that in almost all cases there are, among the two sets of harmonics generated by the sounds, places where the series of overtones is incomplete, and where certain overtones are absent from one or the other. Those which are identical reinforce each other in such a manner that the aggregate amount of sound they produce is actually greater than the sum of the two uttered separately. In two sound-producing agencies, the greater the number of harmonics that coincide, the more sonorous the tone; and on the other hand, the greater the number of differing harmonics, the weaker the whole volume of sound will be. For while harmonies that are identical strengthen one another by a process more nearly akin to multiplication than to addition, harmonics which jar with each other have a mutually weakening effect, so that in some senses it is true to say that a discord is less loud than a concord. This is the real reason for the useful rule that a discordant note in the course of a phrase should be given more emphatically than the rest. It is not so much the actual loudness of the tone, as its fulness and sonority, that is here in question, and this sonority is what all must aim at in any form of concerted music.

Having mastered the required degree of technical skill, having acquired some insight into the meaning of music, and some power of making a musical phrase interesting or the reverse, what remains for the realization of the concerted musician's ideal is rather a moral than a musical quality. Ensemble is perhaps the only branch of the art of music in which personal moral qualities are necessary to the individual's success. You may be as depraved as you please, and yet be able to sing or to play well,—until the fruits of a dissipated life begin to affect your medium of interpretation,—but you cannot excel in concerted music unless you possess a natural altruism, unless you are willing that others should shine as brightly as yourself, and unless you see things in their proper relation, the composer's ideal at the head of all, the wishes

of your colleagues next, and your own personality last. It might seem from this that concerted music is a religious exercise rather than an artistic manifestation of art, and that any one who has assimilated the more elementary of the Christian doctrines is thereby qualified to lead a string quartet. This is of course ridiculous, but at the same time there must be present in the musician's character something that is not to be put down entirely to the musical side of the account. So much may at least be said, that while a thoroughly selfish nature can never reach the highest point in concerted music, an unselfish one who should study the means by which excellence can be attained is likely to surpass people of higher natural gifts than his own, by the aptitude he will soon acquire for ensemble. It is a melancholy thing to be obliged to be present at a performance by an average "scratch" quartet, whether of amateurs or professional musicians, where one feels that a little more real sympathy among the players would make all the difference. The leader, perhaps conscious of receiving a higher fee than his companions, plays as though he felt that he is cheating his employer if he does not keep the centre of the stage all the time; the second fiddle, no doubt a humbler player, does his work with a perfunctory correctness,—not always that—and remains contentedly in the background of the picture from beginning to end. Of course there are quartets, like those of Spohr, in which the second violin is supposed to do nothing but play the upper notes of the accompaniment with which the three lower instruments support their leader. But from Haydn to Brahms, the great masters of the quartet are careful to give opportunities, whether great or small, to each player in turn, and it is the duty of each in turn to take the prominent position. Occasionally a second fiddle part is taken by an artistically minded person who is out of practice, but who knows when his part ought to stand out; in such circumstances it is often the case that the leader forgets or omits to retire, so that it is not clear to the hearer which part is to be understood as claiming his main attention at the moment. It is of course more difficult to get and maintain a good ensemble in string quartets than anywhere else, since the identity of tone and quality in the whole party prevents any part from standing out without the player's conscious will. In music for piano and strings it is far easier to take or to give prominence, though string-players are apt to accuse the piano of being too loud. Such a fault is of course to be avoided at all hazards, but it does not always follow that it is present because the violinists say it is. In such a dispute the opinion of an unprejudiced listener

should be taken, from a distant part of the concert-room, and in some specimen passage where all ought to be equally loud or equally soft.

Having attained a firm foundation of equality, whether with or without the intervention of a friend, it is possible for one and another of the players to build upon it as their impulses direct; and the collective intelligence of the party will generally be enough to secure a good ensemble. The strength of a chain is that of its weakest link; but the reverse is true of concerted music, for the "reading" of the wisest player is the criterion of the effect the whole will make. It is not in vain so many quartet-parties are called by the name of their leader, whose insight in allowing the various degrees of prominence to each of his colleagues in turn will be like the skill of a good stage-manager, who makes his company take such positions on the stage as will best explain the action of the piece.

With a combination of the qualities I have tried to enumerate, technical skill, consideration for other people, and a wise insight into the composer's purpose, it should not be as difficult as is generally thought to realize a good ensemble. And the pleasure of taking part in a good ensemble can surely not be exaggerated, as all know who have had the happy experience. The average hearer is generally quite unconscious of the causes which lead him to say of one performance of concerted music that it has been memorable, or of another that it has left him as dull as he was before.

AMERICA'S FIRST GRAND OPERA SEASON

By FRANCIS ROGERS

GRAND Opera in the United States is now so firmly established in our affection and interests that it is hard to realize that its full acceptance by us as a legitimate form of amusement dates back scarcely more than fifty years, and that its total history is less than a century old. The first performance of opera on record in Europe was given in the last decade of the sixteenth century, but this country had been settled for more than two hundred years before it saw its first real operatic performance.

The year 1825 is memorable in American musical annals, because it was then that grand opera had its first hearing in our country. In the autumn of that year Manuel Garcia, with a small troupe of European singers, which included his wife, his son and his daughter, landed in New York and announced a season of opera during which, as he put it, "the choicest Italian operas will be performed in a style which he flatters himself will give general satisfaction."

Manuel Garcia occupies a prominent position in musical history and, both figuratively and literally, deserves the title of "father of modern singing." He was born in Seville in 1775 and at the age of six was a chorister in the cathedral. The fact that at the time of his birth there was not one pianoforte in all Seville shows how meager were the opportunities to obtain a good musical education, but, somehow or other, Garcia managed to learn at least the rudiments of singing and music, and at the age of seventeen was well-known as composer, singer, actor and conductor. By the time he was thirty his ambitions and energy had exhausted the possibilities for artistic glory in Spain and persuaded him to try his fortune in Paris, then at the height of its Napoleonic splendor. So in 1808 he made his début there, singing for the first time in the Italian language. Despite many crudities in his style of singing and in his acting, his naturally fine tenor voice, his fiery spirit and his handsome person won for him at once the hearty admiration of the Parisian public. As an old French singer expressed it,— "I love the Andalusian frenzy of the man. He puts life into everything."

In 1812 he went to Naples to sing and there, for the first time in his life, had an opportunity to study the art of singing and the theory of music under the best auspices. It was at this time that he met the young Rossini, who wrote several operatic parts for him, including that of Almaviva in "Il Barbiere di Siviglia." This association was beneficial to both men, and especially to Garcia, for it gave him an authoritative position as interpreter of the most popular composer of the epoch. When he returned to Paris three or four years later everybody remarked the wonderful progress he had made in every branch of his art and when he appeared in London in 1817 he was acclaimed as the greatest tenor of the day. Not content with his triumphs on the stage he began to give lessons in singing in both London and Paris and so excellent was his method of teaching that what he taught, handed down by his son and other able pupils, is still, eighty years after his death, a living influence.

In all history there is no singer to match Garcia in combined energy, intelligence and versatility. For him difficulties and obstacles were merely stimulants; the harder his task, the more willingly and the better he performed it. His nerve and self-confidence were monumental. We have said that at his début in Paris he ventured to sing in a language only recently learned. At his first rehearsal in Naples he was anxious to show the orchestra that they had do with a singer far above the ordinary. His first air was written and played by the orchestra in one key, but Garcia sang it through unswervingly just a half-tone higher. When he began, the musicians thought he had made a mistake or that his ear was faulty, but when they discovered that he was performing perfectly a very difficult feat they give him a hearty round of applause. No performance in which he took part ever languished; he dominated and animated everybody associated with him.

As a singer, he affected the florid style then in vogue and invented vocal difficulties for himself, apparently for the mere pleasure of proving to the public that nothing was too hard for him. He was man of over-bearing and fiery temper and a stern taskmaster in the class-room, as well as on the stage. People passing his house in Paris used often to hear the sound of weeping. If they inquired its cause, they were told, "It's only Mr. Garcia teaching his pupils how to sing." In addition to his busy life as singer and teacher, he found the time in the course of his career to compose some forty operas in French, Spanish and Italian, both words and music!

Madame García seems to have had no talent as a singer and would probably never have sung publicly at all, if her autocratic husband had not insisted on it. He strove hard, too, to make an opera singer of his son, Manuel, who, although he was musical and industrious, had neither voice nor aptitude for the stage. He was only twenty when he made his operatic début in New York and five years later retired from the theater finally and devoted the remainder of his extraordinarily long life of one hundred and one years to the teaching of singing. He became the most famous teacher of the century and numbered among his pupils such great singers and teachers as Jenny Lind, Charles Santley, Marchesi and Stockhausen. Through him the best traditions of the eighteenth century were handed down direct to the twentieth.

Maria Garcia, the daughter, better known to us under her married name of Malibran, was only nineteen when she first sang in New York. She had already appeared in London and Paris, but her first triumphs were won in New York and paved the way for her glorious though brief career in Europe. She was wonderfully equipped for her work. Although she was small in stature and not regularly beautiful, her appearance was singularly ingratiating. Her voice was of large compass and had been trained with the greatest care by Garcia himself, the best teacher of his time. From her father, too, she inherited exuberant vitality, self-confidence and musical talent. In addition, she possessed a charm and a personal magnetism that no one could resist and that simply swept everything before them.

Of the other members of the company there is little or nothing to say, except that they were competent to fill minor roles respectably. The London critics thought the company decidedly mediocre, but with such a man as Garcia to head it and such a *prima donna* as Maria to win hearts as well as applause, the troupe was quite equal to the task of arousing the enthusiastic interest and support of a small, provincial town like New York.

It is not easy to determine why Garcia undertook to be "our musical Columbus" (as one of the newspapers of the day dubbed him). Dominick Lynch, a New York importer of French wines, seems to have been concerned in the venture and one or two others, whose names alone have come down to us. Garcia himself may have first conceived the idea, for he was born of the stuff that makes pioneers. He was now fifty years of age and his hearers in Europe were beginning to find that his vocal powers were becoming somewhat impaired. He may have thought that an inexperienced and uncritical public would offer him a better

field than the sophisticated audiences of Europe, which had heard him in his best days. Great singers since his time have come to us with the same thought in mind! Besides, America would serve as a good training-school in which to try out the talents of his son and daughter. With the first roles in the hands of four Garcias and the second roles sung by obscure singers, his salary list must have been so small as to have rendered the financial risk of the undertaking comparatively slight.

The season opened November 29th, 1825, at the Park Theater¹ with Rossini's "Barber of Seville", sung in Italian. The troupe had arrived four or five weeks earlier. That month must have been a busy one for Garcia. He had to collect a chorus of local singers and teach them to sing a kind of music entirely unfamiliar to them in a language of which they presumably knew nothing. In addition, his orchestra, which was composed of about twenty-four local musicians, was nearly as green as his chorus, and equally unversed in Rossini's music. Garcia's task would have daunted even an Oscar Hammerstein!

New York had never heard an Italian opera. The few Americans that had traveled in Europe had brought back tales of the wonders of it, but the vast majority had not the faintest idea what sort of thing it was. Theatrical journalism in New York was in its swaddling clothes in 1825. Advance notices were of the most meagre description, and even after the first performance no one knew just what to say about it all. One paper said quite frankly:

We have been disappointed in not receiving a scientific critique, which we were promised, from a professor on the Italian opera of Tuesday night; we shall, however, have something to say later.

It is not surprising that the conventions and incongruities of Italian opera should have puzzled a public that had no traditions of respect or familiarity to steady them, but everybody seems to have resolved to enjoy what he could and to reserve his definite verdict until he could get his musical bearings.

The price of tickets was high for those days: two dollars for box seats, one dollar for a seat in the pit, and twenty-five cents entrance; but fashionable society, then as now, was willing to pay high for its opera and mustered in full force on the opening night, happy in the thought that it was following the custom of fashionable Europe.

¹The Park Theater was situated in Park Row opposite the site of the present Post Office.

Joseph Bonaparte, ex-King of Spain, was there, and James Fenimore Cooper, and Fitz-Greene Halleck, the poet, best remembered as the author of "Marco Bozzaris," who promptly fell not too deeply in love with Maria Garcia, and wrote a charming poem in her honor. One newspaper reporter wrote:

An assemblage of ladies so fashionable, so numerous and so elegantly dressed had probably never been witnessed in an American theatre. In what language shall we speak of an entertainment so novel in this country, but which has so long ranked as the most elegant and refined among the amusements of the higher classes of the old world. But report can give but a faint idea of it. Until it is seen, it will never be believed that a play can be conducted in *recitative* or singing and yet appear nearly as natural as the ordinary drama. We were last night surprised, delighted, enchanted, and such were the feelings of all who witnessed the performance. The repeated plaudits with which the theater rung were unequivocal, unaffected bursts of applause.

Of the orchestra we read:

The violins might be a little too loud; but one soul seemed to inspire and a single hand to guide the whole band throughout the magic mazes of Rossini's most intricate flights under the direction of Mr. de Luce; while Mr. Etienne presided in an effective manner at a fine-toned piano, of which every now and then he might be heard to touch the keynote by those whose attention was turned that way, and just loud enough to be heard throughout the orchestra, for whose guidance it was intended.

From this paragraph we may infer that the orchestra was not always in time or in tune and that newspapers editors in 1825 were more lenient towards long-winded sentences than editors are nowadays.

In writing of the company as a whole, the representative of the *New York Evening Post* said:

Their style or manner of acting differs from any to which we have been accustomed. In the male performers you are struck with the variety, novelty, and passion of their expressive, characteristic and unceasing gesticulation. The female performers, on the contrary, appeared to us to have less action, though quite as much expression, as any we had before seen. There is indeed, in their style of acting a most remarkable chasteness and propriety, never violating good taste nor exceeding the bounds of female decorum.

The same writer goes on to say:

Signor Garcia indulges in a florid style of singing; but with his fine voice, admirable ear, and brilliancy of execution we could not be otherwise than delighted.

Even if Garcia's voice had lost something of its youthful freshness, we can be sure that he sang the music, which Rossini

had written for him, with authority and skill, and that his impersonation of Almaviva was as dashing and spirited as ever it had been.

The New York public may have been unsophisticated in operatic matters, but it was quick to recognize in Maria Garcia an artist of transcendent qualities. The reporter of the *Post* says:

Her voice is what is denominated in the Italian a fine contra-alto and her science and skill in its management are such as to enable her to run over every tone and semi-tone of three octaves with an ease and grace that cost apparently no effort. She does not adopt the florid style of her father, but one which is less assuming and perhaps more proper in a lady and hardly less effective. Her person is about the middle height, slightly *embonpoint*; her eyes dark, arch, and expressive, and a playful smile is almost constantly the companion of her lips. She was the magnet who attracted all eyes and won all hearts. She seems to use a 'cunning pattern of excelling nature,' equally surprising us by the melody and tones of her voice and by the propriety and grace of her acting.

The judgment of this anonymous critic, though crudely expressed, shrewdly foreshadowed the unanimous chorus of praise throughout Europe during the next ten years.

Very little was said concerning the other members of the company, but that little was kindly.

During the next ten months, seventy-nine performances were given, usually Tuesday and Saturday evenings, first at the Park Theater, later at the Bowery Theater. The repertory consisted of about a dozen operas, two of them written by Garcia himself. The largest receipts for a single performance were \$1,962; the smallest \$250. The total receipts for the season were \$56,685. Occasionally members of the troupe appeared in concert.

"The Barber of Seville" was repeated twice weekly until January 7, 1826, when Rossini's "Tancredi" was given. The scenery, painted by one of the company was, we read, "of matchless vigor and beauty, displaying magnificent ruins, paintings, etc., so peculiar to modern Italy." Little is recorded of the performance. One anonymous critic wrote that Maria's role was too warlike; he preferred her in the thoroughly feminine role of Rosina.

February 11, 1826, Rossini's "Otello" was given with Garcia in the title part. According to *The Evening Post*, the audience was "astonished by his masterly powers, many of whom had no conception that so much tragic effect could be given in recitative." Maria's performance bewitched the audience by its charm and pathos. Collaboration with Garcia was a serious business. He had given his daughter only a very few days in which to learn the

role of Desdemona and when she remonstrated, he promised her that if she was not perfect in it at the first performance, he would convert the death scene in the last act into a real murder. She was sure he meant what he said and learned her part. In a later performance, after a violent altercation off the stage, Garcia approached his daughter with such a murderous look in his eye that Maria, in real terror, was heard to whisper to him in Spanish: "For God's sake, father, don't kill me." Such a man as this must have made a most realistic and convincing Othello. Edmund Kean, who was playing an engagement at this time in New York, came behind the scenes after the first performance of "Otello," complimented the company on its fine performance and invited them to come the following night to see him play Shakespeare's "Othello."

Lorenzo da Ponte, an Italian, has a permanent place in musical annals because he wrote three librettos for Mozart—"Così fan tutte," "Le Nozze di Figaro" and "Don Giovanni." After a somewhat checkered career in Europe, he settled in New York in 1805 and spent more than thirty years there, making a somewhat precarious living as a teacher of Italian literature. He was naturally much interested in Garcia's enterprise and particularly anxious to have him produce "Don Giovanni," of which he was part author. With the aid of influential friends, he finally persuaded Garcia to undertake the performance. Garcia had already sung in New York three of the four roles that had been considered his best in Europe—Almaviva, Tancredi and Otello—and perhaps he was himself ambitious to show the Americans the fourth, Don Giovanni.

To a man less courageous and executive than Garcia the production would have been a sheer impossibility. Mozart's masterpiece requires six good principal singers, a good chorus and a good orchestra. Both Garcia's orchestra and his chorus were weak, and he and his daughter were the only really good singers in his troupe. Even in his prime he, though a tenor, had preferred to sing the role of the amorous Don, written for baritone. This arrangement now left the company without a good tenor. Young Garcia was a baritone capable of singing his father's tenor parts when the older man was indisposed, but to him was assigned the part of Leporello, a bass. Maria was well cast as Zerlina; Madame Garcia and the second soprano divided Donna Anna and Donna Elvira between them. Finally a local tenor was found, who was thought to be capable of singing Don Ottavio's music, and the cast was complete.

May 23, 1826, "Don Giovanni" had its first performance in America and, despite many and obvious shortcomings, was voted a success. Garcia played his part brilliantly, but, as a newspaper writer remarked:

His voice was no longer at home in the simple melodies of Mozart. He must have a wide field for display; he must have ample room to verge enough for unlimited curvetings and flourishes.

It was

a maxim with Garcia that no one can ever be a great singer until the voice be a little impaired; that is, that a singer should depend more on his science than on his natural gifts. By his extraordinary skill he has contrived to hide many vocal defects, and in his time obtained the reputation of the first tenor singer in Europe. On this account he is not so successful in Mozart as in Rossini.

Maria was completely successful as Zerlina; the others acquitted themselves tolerably, except the tenor, who was a miserable failure. One amusing misadventure is recorded of this performance. In the *finale* of the first act, things began to go from bad to worse—chorus, principals, and orchestra, all at cross-purposes. Facing complete disaster, Garcia, with drawn sword in hand, rushed to the footlights, stopped the performance, and ordered the conductor to recommence the *finale*. The second time the act was brought to a more or less harmonious close.

In August, 1826, "The Barber" was given its fortieth performance. There was some talk of the company's establishing itself permanently in New York, but the plan was abandoned and finally, on the 30th of September, the long season came to an end, as it had begun, with the ever-popular "Barber." The last performance was a fine one. Garcia was in his best voice; Maria was in her most brilliant form and in the Lesson Scene delighted her hearers with two English songs, a French air, and a Spanish song with guitar accompaniment. The other singers, too, were applauded and New York's first season of Grand Opera came to a happy termination.

A few days later Garcia left New York with his troupe for Mexico. Maria alone stayed behind. In March she had married, probably at her father's command, a Frenchman named Malibran, who was more than twice her age, but reputed rich. The marriage was a failure in every way. Maria spent the following winter in New York, singing occasionally in Grace Church and in performances of English opera. Then she sailed away, without her husband, to Europe, where a career of unequalled brilliance awaited her.

Mexico was settling its political differences in 1826, as in 1914, by bloodshed, but Garcia once again showed himself able to surmount all difficulties and played a renumerative season in Mexico City. In the spring, laden with some \$30,000, including 1000 ounces of gold, he left for Vera Cruz, where he was to embark for Europe, but, before he could reach the seacoast, he was waylaid by bandits and relieved of all his worldly goods. Eventually he reached Paris, where, after a few farewell performances with his daughter Maria, he resumed his teaching and died in 1832.

MUSIC-REFORM IN THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

By H. T. HENRY

THE purpose of this paper is not so much apologetic as explanatory. It will indeed include in its scope a vindication of the artistic and liturgical correctness of the various phases—or laws—of the reform movement in the Catholic Church. But its main purpose will nevertheless be rather to exhibit accurately the guiding principles of that reform and the applications of those principles to the concrete cases presented by the liturgy of the Church.

For a decade of years the “Instruction About Sacred Music” (commonly known as the *Motu Proprio*) issued by the late Holy Father, Pius X., has been before the musical and liturgical world, has been widely discussed and commented upon, and has been very generally misunderstood. Not a few of those most concerned, because of their official position (whether as priests and bishops, first obligated by the new laws, or as organists and choirmasters in Catholic churches, immediately concerned in the matter of carrying out the laws effectively), appear to have either derived their knowledge of the *Motu Proprio* or formed their judgments of its artistic values, at second-hand. I have met choirmasters who seem to think that the sole purpose of that document—and a hopeless purpose, as well—was to replace women by boys in our choirs. The only action taken by one Archbishop was to place a limit of time beyond which women should not be permitted to sing in the choir at strictly liturgical functions. Another Archbishop so expressed himself in a printed interview as to convey the impression that the sole purpose of the *Motu Proprio* was to make Gregorian Chant of exclusive and universal obligation, and that this purpose could not be attained in America. One careful-minded and learned priest perhaps expressed a more or less general view when he complained that the Holy Father sent his message to the whole world when he really desired merely to correct some musical abuses in Italy. An excellently-written article in the *Atlantic Monthly* (reprinted in pamphlet form by the London Catholic Truth Society, and thus circulating, in magazine

or in pamphlet form, on both sides of the Atlantic) discussed, under the title of "The Reform in Church Music," nothing but Gregorian Chant, and devoted the space of more than a dozen pages like the present one, to a demonstration of its singular fitness for the Catholic liturgy.

In view of such examples as I have instanced, musicians who are not of the Catholic faith might well be pardoned any misapprehensions they may entertain concerning the real scope of the music-reform movement in the Catholic Church. And the present paper, in attempting to give an adequate and an accurate account of that movement, may perhaps escape the charge of being superserviceable. For music-reform in the various religious bodies of Christendom is very much in the air at present; and while the Catholic liturgy looks at the whole question from an angle peculiar and proper to itself, nevertheless the principles that must be brought to bear on the musical and liturgical problems if a proper solution is to be hoped for, are in their measure applicable to Church music in general. Also, while the principles might well be analysed and discussed from an abstract and *a priori* standpoint, they may still be better understood from illustrations of their concrete application. Fortunately for Catholics, both the principles and their varied applications are authoritatively given in the *Motu Proprio*, and in such a condensed form (filling about nine of the present-sized pages) as to serve well the purpose of a text for comment at any desired length.

THE NEED OF REFORM

It was highly significant of the need of music-reform that the first of the many specific encyclicals of Pius X., should have taken up and dwelt largely and exclusively upon this question. Let us try to appreciate the significance of this fact, for it is a parent-fact of the various movements for music-reform in other religious bodies to-day.

Pius X. was crowned Pope on Sunday, August 9, 1903. His first encyclical was of a general character, placing the program of his administration before the world, and giving as his basis for that program his desire "instaurare omnia in Christo"—"to restore all things in Christ" (*Ephes.*, i. 10). Three months later (22 November, 1903) he issued the Instruction on Sacred Music. The date chosen was indeed appropriate, for it was the Feast of St. Cecilia, the Heavenly Patroness of Church Music. But this merely appropriate dating is of slight interest in comparison with

many other significant features of the action then taken by the Holy Father. For Pius had risen to the supreme throne of Christendom by a long journey through all of the intermediate stages of priestly life, and had thus become intimately familiar with the everyday problems of pastoral work in the concrete. He had been country curate, acting pastor, arch-priest, cathedral canon, spiritual director and rector of an ecclesiastical seminary, examiner of the clergy, vicar-general, bishop, cardinal, Patriarch of Venice. He had made special studies in Gregorian Chant whilst rector of the seminary, and as Patriarch of Venice he promoted the use of Gregorian Chant and was a pronounced patron of Perosi, the famous composer of Church-music.

During the ten years of his incumbency of the See of Peter, he initiated not only numerous but as well immensely fruitful movements the need of which he had doubtless often felt in his manifold official activities in his previous duties. Many of the movements dealt with the stimulation of Christian piety (such as the decrees on frequent Communion by adults, the first Communion of children, the encyclicals on frequent catechising and on the virtues of the priestly life), but not a few dealt with matters involving immense labor and novel reconstructions (such as the reform of the breviary, the codification of canon law, the revision of the Vulgate, the Vatican edition of the liturgical chants). It is fair to assume that, at least in a germinal fashion, all of these things had been in the mind of Pius long before he became Pope; for however necessary they are now seen to be, his nearer predecessors had not, in their extremely long pontificates, taken action respecting them. I might add other most important acts of his; but the lesson is fairly presented—the lesson, namely, of his certain conviction that the first of all his reforms should deal with the thorny question of the musical accompaniments of the sacred liturgy.

It was a thorny question, begotten of a two-centuried growth of abuses. Popes, Councils, Sacred Congregations in Rome, diocesan synods, had again and again legislated and counseled. An abstract of this legislation is given in Terry's *Catholic Church Music* (London, 1907, pp. 21-38) to illustrate the fact that the *Motu Proprio* of Pius X. should not be looked upon as a "bolt from the blue." Finally, Leo XIII., the immediate predecessor of Pius X., had, through the Congregation of Rites, issued two important documents: one, a decree concerning the official editions of the choral books; the other, a general Regulation (*Regolamento*) concerning the composition and execution of ecclesiastical music.

Both of these are discussed fully in the *American Catholic Quarterly Review* (January, 1895, pp. 82-111). About ten years previously (24 September, 1884) a similar *Regolamento* had been issued by the Congregation of Rites for the Churches in Italy. That these various pronouncements had failed to achieve the desired results is fairly evident from the publication of the recent *Motu Proprio*. A study of all of them would, nevertheless, be not a little helpful in illustration of the difficulties besetting the path of a reformer in the domain of Church music. It is curious to observe that, although they failed, one of the most stringent regulations embodied in the *Regolamento* of 1884, rescinded by the legislation of a decade of years later, and still not renewed by the legislation of the *Motu Proprio*, has been largely followed in the present-day attempts at reform, not alone in Catholic churches, but in others as well. I refer to the idea of a Catalogue of approved music which should be obligatory on all choirmasters. I may take up this matter in a future paper.

The character of the musical abuses will appear more explicitly and will be more easily intelligible when the precise rules laid down by the *Motu Proprio* are to be considered in detail. Just now I wish to emphasize the fact that, in the mind of the Church, grave abuses did and do exist. The House of God should be a House of Prayer, and quite a varied list of things which do not well consort with that first characteristic of a Christian Church might be animadverted upon by competent authority. The Holy Father recognized this general fact in the Introduction to his famous document, but nevertheless chose first of all to speak solely on the topic of church music. This alone is surely an instructive fact. Let me quote from the Introduction:

We do not propose to touch on all the abuses that may occur in these matters. We devote our attention to-day to one of the commonest of abuses, one of the most difficult to uproot, and one that we sometimes have to regret, even in places where everything else—the beauty and splendour of the building, the dignity and accurate order of the ceremonies, the number of the clergy who attend, the gravity and piety of the celebrant—deserve the highest praise. We speak of abuses in the matter of the singing and of sacred music.

The Holy Father is not quarreling with the humble village church, with its untrained voices, unpaid organist, unwise ambitions for display-music, uncultured musical taste. He appears rather to be thinking of splendid city churches, glorious basilicas; of well-cultivated voices, and of organists who are *virtuosi*; of costly organs and of extensive repertoires. With such well-organized

choirs what could not be accomplished for the appropriate embellishing of "the beauty of God's House and the place where His Glory dwelleth?" Yet it is precisely here that the most notable abuses occur. And he continues:

And indeed, whether it is a result of the changeable nature of this art, or of the many alterations in people's taste and customs during the lapse of time; whether it comes from the unhappy influence of secular and theatrical music on that of the Church, or from the pleasure excited by the music itself, which it may not be easy to retain within proper limits; whether, lastly, it is because of the many prejudices on this subject which sometimes obstinately remain even among persons of great piety and high authority, there certainly is a constant tendency in sacred music to neglect the right principles of an art used in the service of the liturgy, principles expressed very clearly in the laws of the Church, in the decrees of general and provincial councils, and in the repeated commands of the Sacred Congregations and of the Supreme Pontiffs, Our predecessors. It is with great pleasure that We are able to recognize the good that has already been done, not only in this, Our own City, but also in many dioceses of Our country, and again specially among certain nations, where the most distinguished and zealous persons, acting with the approval of the Holy See and under the direction of their Bishops, have founded flourishing societies and have thus happily reformed the music in nearly all their churches and chapels. But this reform is still far from universal, and when We reflect on Our own experience, when We remember the many complaints that have been addressed to Us from all parts, even during the short time since it pleased God to lift Our humble person to the supreme dignity of the Apostolic See, We think it Our duty to lift up Our voice without delay in order to reprove and condemn everything in the music of the Divine service that does not agree with the right principles so often laid down. And since indeed Our first and most ardent wish is that a true Christian spirit flourish and be kept always by all the faithful, the first thing to which We must attend is the holiness and dignity of the churches in which our people assemble, in order to acquire that spirit from its first and most indispensable source, by taking an active part in the sacred mysteries and in the solemn public prayers of the Church.

Herein the Pope professedly makes it his first business to legislate concerning sacred music, as being itself of primary interest and importance. He must have been deeply stirred by the nature of the work to which he had just set his hands, when he could choose words like the following with which to reinforce his contention:

It would be in vain to hope for this grace from God as long as our worship of Him, instead of going up with an odor of sweetness, only, as it were, puts into our Lord's hands again the scourges with which He once drove out of the Temple those who were profaning it.

GENERAL PRINCIPLES

The Holy Father argued that as sacred music is an integral part of the Catholic liturgy, it must forward the general object of the liturgy of which it is a part, and must tend towards "the glory of God and the sanctification and edification of the faithful." Although sacred music may not, in other religious bodies, enter into such intimate relations with the formal religious services, it obviously should, wherever and in whatever relationship it is used, minister to edification and not to disedification in any fashion, whether by distracting the minds and the hearts of those present from the service itself, or by appearing to dominate that of which it is designed merely to be a handmaid.

As music is intended to clothe the sacred texts appropriately, it should not in artistically cover over and hide from view the majestic proportions and the graceful lines of the texts. If we might use with reverence a comparison here, we should say that music is the thinnest possible drapery for the texts—like the graceful marble draperies of a Greek statue, which add distinction to the human figure without hiding its beautiful symmetries. The *Motu Proprio* argues that the purpose of sacred music is to render "the text more efficacious, so that the faithful may be the more roused to devotion, and better disposed to gather to themselves the fruits of grace which come from the celebration of the Sacred Mysteries." Its general purpose is, of course, to add to the splendor of the external act of worship of God, but not to add unmeaning splendors—"purple patches"—to the liturgy. When it calls attention specifically to itself, it violates the first canon of appropriateness, and we are reminded of Dr. Johnson's description of a well-dressed man, namely, that he wore nothing which Dr. Johnson could specifically recall.

The Holy Father indicates broadly the three great qualities which sacred music should possess: (1) holiness, (2) beauty, and (3) universality.

I. HOLINESS

It may not appear easy, at first blush, to estimate adequately this requirement of *holiness*. How, namely, can music be said to be holy? Does the part it is to play render it now worldly, now sacred? Worldly in the drama, sacred in the liturgy; worldly in the theatre, sacred in the church? We are all familiar with the so-called "sacred concerts" given by hotels and by municipalities. They are simply "concerts" when given on week-days; they

suddenly become "sacred" when given on Sundays, although otherwise they are practically what they were before, namely, a highly diversified series of extracts from operas, or from purely instrumental repertoires, beginning possibly with an instrumental *Ave Maria* and ending with *Nearer, my God, to Thee*.

The *Motu Proprio* merely says that sacred music must be holy, and must "therefore avoid everything that is secular, both in itself and in the way in which it is performed." Two thoughts are presented to us here. There are, objectively, certain kinds of musical ideas or expressions which are clearly "secular," such as dance music, military or march music, "sentimental" music, what is vaguely called "operatic" music, "program-music," and all such music (shall we vaguely style it "Wagnerian?") as is intended vividly to express, in musical forms, the swelling tides of any human passion. All these are unfitted for sacred uses, either because of their intrinsically worldly suggestiveness or because of their purely accidental or conventional relationships. But there is also a neutral kind of music, which might appropriately serve either sacred or profane uses. Once it has served secular uses, however, it may not appropriately be used in the church, if for no other reason than that it may intrude wordly thoughts, through an association of ideas, into minds that wish to consider heavenly things. This "neutral" music represents the minimum requisite in sacred music. For just as there are clearly secular forms (such as dance music, etc.) in music, so there are clearly sacred forms in music. Gregorian Chant is one of these; the classic polyphony of the 15th and 16th centuries, and its modern imitations of the Cecilian School, have become conventionally restricted to sacred texts, and may be properly styled sacred forms. And, while one may not be able to attain great precision in describing it, there is also a "prayerful style" even in modern music, which all can appreciate as such. Bearing these distinctions in mind, we may fairly say that there is a "sacred" and a "secular" music, quite apart from the uses or texts to which either is set.

The second requirement of "holiness" in music is that it shall be rendered appropriately to the sacred functions. Here a singer may import into a really sacred piece of composition his or her own worldly soul. "The style is the man," as Buffon says. But I think that ladies are here the greater offenders. I have seen them advance to the railing of the choir-loft with all the usual impressiveness of a prima-donna, toying with the music-sheet, etc. I have also heard them so coloring sacred melodies and sacred texts

with their own sentiment as to suggest again a *prima donna* interpreting some operatic selection. The "soulful" in sacred music is quite as unpleasant a thing as is the weeping preacher, or the theatrical preacher, or the "soulful" preacher. Sincerity, simplicity, an obviously deep reverence for God and for holy things such as should obscure every intrusion of the personal element—this is essential in any public formal act of the worship of God. Religion is filled with "thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears"—and tearfulness is simply weakness. The sublime, also, is weakened by personal comment upon it. "How sublime it is!" said a courtier to Princess Louise, as both gazed on Niagara. "Hush!" answered the princess simply.

II. BEAUTY

If it be somewhat difficult accurately to define *holiness* in music, who shall finally decide for us the requirement of *beauty*? Tastes have had their immemorial privileges, and I suppose every language of mankind has its proverb to sanction the privileged character of taste. *De gustibus non est disputandum*—that is how it is phrased in Latin. *Chacun à son goût*, say the French. "Every man to his taste" is how we literally translate the thought of the masters of taste. The Holy Father simply says that sacred music "must really be an *art*, since in no other way can it have on the mind of those who hear it that effect which the Church desires in using in her liturgy the art of sound."

I suppose that a distinction is intended here between the art of music and the art of sacred music, so that it would not follow that a highly competent composer of music should *ipso facto* be esteemed competent to compose sacred music—for that this latter is itself an art, having its own principles, methods, aims. But obviously, this latter art must presuppose an adequate training in the fundamental laws of musical composition—and this also is doubtless insinuated in the requirement of "beauty."

It is not necessary to hammer long on this anvil, in a magazine like the present. Music will not permit strains of *unpremeditated* art—that will suffice for the birds of the air, but not for intelligent animals such as men are. No amount of zeal for religion, pious intentions, good will, etc., will supply for a defect in musical training, when the question of music, or of sacred music, is under discussion. Neither—so I understand the Holy Father's words—will perfect musical training coupled with ability and inspiration of itself suffice to render a man competent to compose sacred

music. But, if we are to have beauty, something must be added to the training even in the laws and purposes of *sacred* music. The desideratum here must be true musical inspiration, and not merely correct scholastic forms or ideas.

In the year 1868 the Rev. Dr. Franz Witt, who had received excellent training in music, in sacred music, in liturgy and in theology, founded the great St. Cecilia Society for the purpose of reforming Church music in Germany, Austria, Switzerland. He was a forceful writer and organizer, a composer of sacred music who had virile ideas to express and whose compositions include twenty Masses, as well as motets, litanies, etc., covering liturgical needs in many ways. The Society enrolled 14,000 members, and succeeded in reforming sacred music to a notable extent in the countries mentioned, and exercised not a little wholesome influence in Ireland and in America. But, like most great movements for reform in any line of human activity, its active membership appears to have included many individuals whose efforts would never have been heard of save for the fact of their membership in so prominent a society. The repertoire of Catholic sacred music soon swelled to formidable dimensions, and included the (artistically) good, bad, indifferent. Everything was flawless, let us suppose, in respect of scholastic correctness, the absence of positive liturgical inappropriateness, and the singable quality of the product. But beauty was too-often lacking; and to many Catholic minds "Cecilian Music" appeared as something hopelessly "heavy," "tiresome," etc., although the catalogue of the Society's work included some really inspired works of master-composers, like Witt himself.

Since the issuance of the *Motu Proprio*, however, the whole world of devout Catholic musicians has been contributing compositions covering every possible liturgical need; and out of this abundance it is not difficult to select compositions of real merit from the aesthetic, as well as the liturgical, standpoint. Italy has been especially fruitful in excellent musical works, and seems destined to recover the glories lost in the riot of debased and debasing tastes of composers of Church music who, in the last two centuries, have given a specific name of opprobrium to the literature of Church music—"Italian music." The native genius of the Italian composer is now reasserting itself in the domain of sacred music, and is combining scholastic correctness with musical inspiration. France and Spain also are contributing their share, and the reform of Church music, contemplated and, indeed, splendidly advanced, by the German Cecilian School, has lost its

specialized character of a "German" reform-movement, and has assumed the proportions of a worldwide campaign.

This fact leads us naturally to a consideration of the third requisite of sacred music, namely, its

III. UNIVERSALITY

The *Motu Proprio* declares that if sacred music possess eminently the qualities which belong to liturgical rites, especially *holiness* and *beauty*, its other characteristic of *universality* will follow spontaneously.

Let us not misunderstand the thought of the Holy Father here. He does not fly in the face of national tastes in music, he does not attempt to level all the schools of composition to a dead monotony of ideals and tastes, he does not try to force good sacred music composed by Italians into the repertoires of German or American churches, or *vice versa*. He specifically declares that "each country may use in its ecclesiastical music whatever special forms may belong to its own national style," but nevertheless he contends that these forms "must be subject to the proper nature of sacred music, so that it may never produce a bad impression on the mind of any stranger who may hear it."

It must not produce a "bad" impression. It may, indeed, produce a kind of musical boredom—for tastes vary. But a worshipper should not be able truly to allege that the music is unfitted for Divine Service. Now, however diversified may be the musical tastes of the various peoples of the world, I think it is correct to say that if all the prescriptions of the "Instruction on Sacred Music" were carried out, no such comment as that of Mendelssohn on one of Haydn's Masses he had heard (namely, that it was "scandalously gay") could be fairly alleged by any representative of one nationality against the sacred music of another nationality. The vivacious Frenchman might be bored by the sacred music of the German, but he would not therefore vote it unchurchly; and the German might wonder at the sacred music of the French, but he would not therefore vote it unchurchly. For many other things besides that very uncertain quantity styled "taste" come into the question. There is the "personal equation," for instance—an equation of much moment as long as women are permitted to sing in a church choir. I do not mean to imply that men are faultless as choir singers; they, too, may introduce an unpleasant personal equation. But the eternal

feminine is often a quantity to be reckoned with in any choir adjustments. If, in accordance with the expressed will of the Holy Father, boys were to replace women for the higher ranges of the music, the absolute lack of emotional quality in the pure treble of the boy would be an obvious gain in simplicity and unaffected sincerity of purpose, and a certain human aloofness, an "otherworldliness" (as it has been styled) would become appreciable in the choir renditions. Whatever faults boys have (and the proper disciplining of them is a problem for the choirmaster) are, after all, "boyish" faults, and are easily condoned even by an exactingly devout worshiper in church. Again, if "undue repetitions" are rigorously excluded (some of them are essentially ludicrous—I have listened to one Mass in which the repetition was made obviously because the composer deemed that portion especially fine and deserving of an encore); if the sacred text be not divided into "numbers" in the fashion of the pre-Wagnerian operas; if the text be decently dealt with even in the matter of mere material correctness; if the composition be not wearisomely long; if the "atmosphere" of the choir-loft be not self-ostentatious but rather restrained and modest, as befits the handmaiden-office of sacred music in respect of the sacred liturgy; if, in brief, all the prescriptions of the *Moto Proprio* be exactly carried out, I think it would be hard to judge severely the sacred music of any people under the sun.

VARIOUS KINDS OF SACRED MUSIC

1. The Holy Father declares that the ancient Gregorian chant possesses most perfectly the three qualities of holiness, beauty, universality; that it may properly be considered a norm for comparison, so that in proportion as a composition intended for use in the Church approaches this norm in its movement, sentiment, and inspiration, it is appropriate and liturgically good, and that in proportion as it recedes from this standard it loses in correctness and liturgical beauty and fitness; that the solemnity of any Church service is nowise impaired if the Gregorian chant alone be employed; that this chant should be restored to the people, so that, as anciently, they may now take a more active part in Church services.

In discussing Gregorian chant, there is hardly a choice between great brevity and elaborate fulness of treatment. I must therefore be brief, and merely say, first, that a correct rendition of the chant supposes a deep study of it, a flexible voice, an appreciation

of its perfection (although, indeed, a limited perfection) as an art-form, and not a little interpretative power and (spiritually) emotional responsiveness to the meaning and emotion of the sacred texts to which the chant is perfectly wedded. Many people do not at all like Gregorian chant; but only uninstructed people could sneer at it. My own experience (covering more than thirty years) with it, convinces me that it is the most perfect of all instruments for the musical rendition of the sacred texts of the Catholic liturgy. There is much of it that I myself do not like—possibly because I do not even as yet quite enter into its fulness of melodic meaning; but I nevertheless have an intimate conviction that even what I do not like of it is yet better fitted for its sacred uses than any other kind of music. Finally, I fear that as heard in most places to-day, it is rather caricatured than appreciatively rendered—and judgment should not be passed on the chant when it is only a false presentation of it that we hear.

2. Nearest the Gregorian chant in appropriateness the *Motu Proprio* places the sacred polyphony of the Roman School, "which reached its greatest perfection in the sixteenth century under Pierluigi da Palestrina, and which even afterwards continued to produce excellent liturgical compositions," and which should therefore also be used, together with plain chant, in the more solemn offices of the Church. The Holy Father thinks it especially suitable for the Papal Chapel, the greater basilicas, cathedrals, and seminaries, where "the necessary means of performing it are not wanting."

3. More modern music is also allowed, for "it has produced compositions good and serious and dignified enough to be worthy of liturgical use." The *Motu Proprio* does not, therefore, banish all modern music. On the contrary, it declares that "the Church has always recognized and encouraged all progress in the arts, and has always admitted to the service of her functions whatever is good and beautiful in their development during different centuries, as long as they do not offend against the laws of her liturgy." But this modern music is nevertheless properly suspect, because of the offences it has been guilty of in the past. It has become most largely the medium of secular thought and feeling, and is generally characterized by forms quite alien to the purposes of the liturgical texts and suggestive, therefore, rather of worldly than of religious uses. Care must be exercised, when using it for the services of the Church, to see that "nothing profane be allowed, nothing that has reminiscences of theatrical pieces, nothing based in its form on the style of secular compositions."

4. I cannot do better than quote in full the view expressed in the *Motu Proprio* concerning a certain style of modern music:

Among all kinds of modern music the theatrical style that was so much in vogue during the last century, for instance, in Italy, is the one least fitted to accompany the service of the Church. This style is by nature the most unlike plain chant and the music of the classical school, and therefore the least compatible with the laws of good sacred music. Moreover, the rhythm, the structure, and the conventionalism of this style do not lend themselves well to the demands of really liturgical music.

SOME GENERAL DIRECTIONS

Composers of Catholic Church music have thus presented to their musical ingenuity or inspiration a standard that is quite intelligible. But there are besides certain specific laws that should be heeded.

(a) "The liturgical text must be sung just as it stands in the authentic books, without changing or transposing the words, without needless repetition, without dividing the syllables, and always so that it can be understood by the people who hear it." These are not idle words. They simply recall to the experienced Church musician what he should have been able to notice for himself. I could fill a long article with illustrations of abuses under each of these heads. But I will merely direct attention to the phrase "needless repetitions." Not all repetition is forbidden. In the proper development of certain musical forms the text may be found to be too brief in length, and may therefore be "repeated" in order to eke out the demands of the musical form adopted; but this repetition must not be such as to impair the intelligibility of the text. The "repetition" must be subject to the other requirements specified above.

(b) The texts comprised in what is musically termed a "Mass" (*i. e.*, the *Kyrie*, *Gloria*, *Credo*, etc.) should not be divided up into musical "numbers" like an opera or an oratorio. The unity of the liturgical text must be preserved; but completely detachable pieces (such as singers were accustomed to describe as the "*Gratias agimus*," the "*Et incarnatus*," and so on) break this unity, and such a style of composition is forbidden.

(c) At Vespers, psalms composed in the style known as *di concerto* are absolutely forbidden.

(d) At Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, the "*O Salutaris*" or "*Tantum Ergo*" must be treated after the fashion of a hymn. That is to say, the musical setting of one stanza must be

that of the other stanza. "It is not lawful, for instance, to compose a "Tantum Ergo" in such a way that the first stanza be a romance, an aria, or an adagio, while the next stanza [the "Genitori"] is an allegro," a duet, a chorus answering the solo or duett or trio of the first stanza. The sins committed against this hymnal requirement are simply legion in Catholic churches.

(e) Solos must not have the chief place in sacred music, must not absorb the greatest part of the liturgical text. They are not forbidden, but must be intimately bound up with the general choral movement of the music, from which they soar up, as it were, for a moment, and to which they should soon return.

(f) Boys should replace women for such ranges as may require treble voices. Where this is practically impossible, bishops are permitted to grant leave to pastors of churches to employ the voices of women, under certain restrictions. This whole matter has been the subject of very much controversy; but spatial limitations will not permit me to outline the discussion. I think the *Motu Proprio* clearly forbids women to sing in our church-choirs. Subsequent legislation now permits them to sing, subject to certain limitations.

(g) Other instruments than the organ may be employed in certain cases, but always only by special permission of the bishop. The organ itself is forbidden at certain times in the liturgical year. The legislation on this subject is too minute and detailed to permit of full description here.

(h) Care must be taken that the organ and other instruments merely sustain the voices, not overpower them. This is a requirement of good art as well as of liturgy, which is too often disregarded.

(i) "It is not lawful to introduce the singing with long preludes or to interrupt it with voluntaries." The emphasis is on the word *long*, I am confident.

(k) A highly important regulation excludes the pianoforte, and all noisy instruments such as cymbals, kettledrums, etc. And another most important direction is that whatever instruments are employed should be played only according to their proper character and should respect all the rules of truly sacred music in the selections rendered and in the manner of rendering them. Bands are forbidden to play in the church, but may be used in processions outside of the church, provided the bishop's consent has been obtained, and further provided that they do not play secular music.

(1) I could say much to the purpose concerning the following excellent direction, but I shall content myself with merely quoting the words of the Holy Father:

As a general principle, it is a very grave abuse, and one to be altogether condemned, to make the liturgy of the sacred functions appear a secondary matter, and as it were, the servant of the music. On the contrary, the music is really only a part of the liturgy and its humble attendant.

INSTRUMENTS FOR EFFECTING REFORM

These are : (1) Diocesan Musical Commissions to be appointed by the bishops and to consist of men really competent in musical and liturgical matters, who shall supervise the singing of choirs, the character of the compositions rendered, and all similar questions affecting the musical accompaniments of the liturgy. A gently shrewd sentence of the Holy Father should be quoted here: "This Commission will insist on the music being not only good in itself, but also proportionate to the capacity of the singers, so that it may always be well executed."

(2) Superiors of ecclesiastical seminaries must grant sufficient time to the students for theoretical and practical training in the chant, and should encourage the students in this pursuit. "Figured music" should also be practiced by special singers. In the classes of liturgy, moral theology, canon law, the legislation concerning sacred music should be dwelt upon, and special instruction should be given in the aesthetics of sacred art. A most important regulation or suggestion, indeed. For the almost hopeless tangle into which sacred music has fallen is largely due to the uninstructed tastes in music and the indifferent training in the liturgical laws governing sacred music, of the rectors of churches. It is a sublime illustration of the vicious circle—the childlike confidence of many rectors in the excellence of their choirs and of the repertoires there enshrined, the while good musical taste as well as specific liturgical law is constantly being violated.

(3) The restoration of the ancient choir-schools in the more important church centers. Even country parishes might, the Holy Father thinks, achieve good results, both for sacred music and for spiritual edification, by attempting the task of forming such choir-schools.

(4) "All higher schools of Church music should be kept up and encouraged in every way where they already exist, and as far as possible new ones should be founded. It is most important that the Church should herself provide the instruction for her

own choirmasters, organists, and singers, so that she may inspire them with the right principles of this sacred art."

Now every reader will probably admit that, in the *Motu Proprio*, a pretty definite standard has been set up for sacred music, and a fairly comprehensive set of measures have been suggested for practically reaching that standard.

In addition to these suggested measures of reform, however, a more or less private zeal has succeeded in founding, in various countries, successful magazines whose aim is variously to popularize Gregorian chant, to comment upon the *Motu Proprio* as current problems arise under the law it promulgated, to publish original and selected sacred musical compositions of approved musical merit and liturgical appropriateness, to keep the light of reform burning brightly. In America, the reform appears to move with leaden steps—largely, I think, because of the vicious circle I have already spoken of. Nevertheless, directly to the influence of the *Motu Proprio* can be traced the establishment, in some churches, of excellent "boy-choirs" which render with almost equal grace and correctness both Gregorian chant and polyphonic music, and which illustrate effectively the practical possibility of conforming to all the rubrical and liturgical laws of Divine service in the Catholic Church with no lessening of musical attractiveness in the services and with an obvious heightening of the dignity of the ceremonial. Perhaps these scattered islets in the great sea of musical and liturgical inefficiency may be now quietly influencing their arid neighbors. The airs of heaven may be carrying over, from their fertile soil, germs of life to the dusty acres of their neighbors, and the desert may thus be made to bloom richly. At all events, I think that the churches which have loyally experimented with the "boy-choir" will never go back to the previous liturgical and musical anarchy, even though permission to do so were—by a virtually impossible hypothesis—to be granted by some future Pope. One rector of a city parish which could supply but few candidates for his boy-choir, so expressed himself; for, despite his difficulties, he has the good taste and the right point of view which permit him to draw the logical and artistic inference when he compares what has been in his parish with what now is in respect of sacred music.

IS MUSICAL RESERVATION JUSTIFIABLE?

By FRANCIS TOYE

THE principal aesthetic controversy of the last three years may, I think, be described as a quarrel over the advantages or disadvantages of musical reservation. *Prima facie*, no doubt, it would appear ideal for an artist to have control over the production of his own work for all time, for the best music to be kept for the best people under the best possible conditions. But on second thoughts I believe that such a proceeding will be seen to favour rather than hinder Philistinism; because by focussing, so to speak, art-appreciation onto one point rather than encouraging a diffusion over the whole circle of human interests, it tends to divorce art from ordinary life altogether.

Nobody will need to be reminded that the very kernel of this dispute lay in the question of the propriety of reserving Richard Wagner's "Parsifal" exclusively for Bayreuth.

However, the question of the free performance of "Parsifal" is an old one and moreover settled, so that there is not much to be gained by any elaborate discussion of the point. Indeed at this time the interest of the "Parsifal" controversy lies in its theoretical rather than its practical application. Nevertheless it may not be without advantage to consider some of the objections offered to free performance of "Parsifal" before going on to the wider issues which that question raises; because, by so doing, we may, incidentally, help to clear the ground of a lot of rubbish that has been shot there by well-meaning but hopelessly sentimental writers about music. Moreover a consideration of the part often serves as an elucidation of the whole, especially when, as in the case of "Parsifal," the part may be said to dramatise the whole so satisfactorily.

Now, to be married to a lady who speaks of you as a god and to be patronised by a king who suffers from neurasthenic megalomania, is an experience that the most robust of men can hardly be expected to undergo with impunity. Much less a man of a sensitive, excitable nature like Richard Wagner. Yet in his case both facts are undeniable, the latter being a matter of common knowledge, the former being guaranteed by a contemporary Italian admirer.

Nor are they so trivial and unimportant as might appear at first sight, throwing, as they do, a real light on Wagner's mentality during the Bayreuth period, the period of his life, in fact, when he wrote "Parsifal" and made up his mind that nowhere else was suitable for its production.

Here, once and for all, I want to make it quite clear that I am adopting no Nietzschean attitude as regards Wagner; I want to pay my humble tribute to his genius, to express my conviction that he is among the three greatest musicians of the world. But admiration for his music ought not to blind anyone to the fact that he did, very naturally and properly in a sense, suffer from "swollen head," and that as a theorist he is hopelessly inconsistent. You can prove almost as many incompatible things from Wagner's writings as from the Bible itself. Even about this very question of "Parsifal" he is not quite consistent. But we will return to that later.

Everybody knows that there has lately raged in Europe a controversy almost theological in its bitterness as to the propriety of performing "Parsifal" outside Bayreuth. For 1914 has witnessed the expiration of the "Bayreuth" copyright. This prospect is more apparently, than the Wagnerian purists can bear. A year or two ago there arose a "Parsifal" party in the Reichstag, which talked of a law to have what Nietzsche would surely have considered the ideal effect of practically preventing the performance of the music-drama anywhere...in Germany! The Hohenzollerns themselves were drawn into the Wagnerian net together with a composer so unpopular in Royal circles as Richard Strauss and a socialist so unpalatable as Herman Bahr. Truly a wonderful catch for the fishers of Bayreuth!

The Hohenzollern objection to the freedom of "Parsifal" I have not had the honour of knowing. The Reichstag minority was so far as I could see purely sentimental; Strauss, standing for the divine—and in his case at any rate, extremely renumerative—right of composers, the doctrine in fact of "Componist über Alles," maintained that Wagner should be allowed to legislate for his own work in the manner of the Medes and Persians. Bahr wrote a pamphlet called "Parsifalschutz ohne Ausnahmegesetz" in which he managed to combine a great many excellent theories of aesthetics with a great many disagreeable remarks about people in general and established institutions in particular.

To the free performance of "Parsifal" there are two main objections founded on:

- (1) Wagner's own wishes.
- (2) The character of the work itself.

There is no doubt that Wagner wished to keep "Parsifal" for Bayreuth, in the same way, I believe, as he intended "The Ring" only for festival performance. It would be more accurate to say that this was the general trend of his wishes; for Wagner, if we may believe the eminently respectable authority of the "Frankfurter Zeitung," lapsed on at least one occasion from this ideal of high protection. A few weeks before his death he is said to have suggested to Angelo Neumann, the impresario, that he might be permitted to perform "Parsifal," if his theatre were competent enough to do full justice to it. True he wrote in precisely the opposite sense to Ludwig in 1880, but the former fact, if accurate, as I have every reason to suppose it is, does prove that Wagner's very inconsistency saved him from being as superstitious as the Wagnerites. For in spite of Hermann Bahr's eloquent and imaginative description of the scene at the festival, what is this peculiar magic of Bayreuth? Nothing but a romantic superstition. Many people hold the performances at the Prinz-Regenten theatre in Munich to be better in every respect. After all, the only important point about festival-theatres and festival-performances is that they should, as Wagner said to Neumann, be competent enough to do full justice to the works performed. Granted this competence, it does not seem to me that it matters whether they take place in Bayreuth or Munich—or New York or Timbuctoo. The much-talked-of "atmosphere" is a question of sincerity and enthusiasm on the part of the producers and of sensitiveness, good-will and enthusiasm on the part of the audience; not of bricks, mortar, wood, marble, velvet, trees, flowers, beer—or any other of the material reasons animate and inanimate, liquid or solid, advanced by sentimental idealists. Moreover, even in Wagner's time, the "atmosphere" of Bayreuth can hardly have satisfied the elect among the Wagnerites. A contemporary critic informs us that at an official reception given to visitors "a military band played Gounod, Wagner and Kéler-Béla!" This is surely just the kind of thing that the Wagner society of the day ought to have seen to. Indeed it is quite time that everybody realised that Wagner was not a good Wagnerite. For there were two Wagners, the musician and the prophet of Bayreuth. The prophet of Bayreuth presiding at banquets like a king and guarding rehearsals as jealously as the Grail—he hated journalists with the most admirable hatred—was of course above suspicion. But the musician had fits of quite indecent frivolity. He recognised this himself. It is said that once, after listening to some of Rossini's music, he burst into enthusiastic applause, and much to the surprise of a friend,

excused himself thus: "Ah, Rossini! How I love him! But, for Heaven's sake do not tell my Wagnerites; they would never forgive me." Moreover he admired Offenbach's comic operas greatly, recognising in them a musical grace and a spontaneity inherited in part at any rate from Mozart; while his tribute to the excellence of some of Meyerbeer's "Les Huguenots" is a sad trial of faith to the orthodox even today. In fact Wagner, being a musician and not a "cultured amateur," was ready to appreciate music of all kinds. For the musician has no musical position to keep up.

Even at Bayreuth—though never, I expect, within the magic circle of Wahnfried—the musician sometimes peeped out from under the mantle of the prophet. Thus in a speech to a few friends on the day before the production of "Parsifal" Wagner supping at a kind of local "Gambrinus," expressed himself thus:

Meine Herrschaften, wir Mitwirkende bei der Aufführung des "Parsifals," ich und die Künstler alle, wir haben den Teufel im Leibe. Wenn Sie alle Morgen Abend nicht ebenfalls den Teufel im Leibe haben—dann ist es mit dem "Parsifal" nichts.

Now there is nothing intrinsically remarkable about these words. Any musician, conscious of the forthcoming production of a masterpiece, might have used them. But I suggest that to ask your audience to have "the very devil in them" in order to appreciate properly a work which has been represented as a species of fifth musical gospel, which has been proclaimed too sacred for ordinary use, is a curious proceeding on the part of the author. But this brings us to the second objection to the free performance of "Parsifal," to wit that which is supposed to arise from the character of the work itself.

Now, as everyone knows, "Parsifal" deals with the subject of the Grail and is in fact deeply influenced by Christian, or, more accurately, Roman Catholic mysticism. Of course such a subject, appealing as it must, to the deepest emotions of many people demands the most serious presentation. It is easy to understand that great offence would be caused by a work like the amusing but scandalous parody of *Germanicus*, who makes the knights of the Grail sing the following chorus:

Gralsritter sind wir alle hier
Wir trinken nur Salvatorbier.

But not even the Vatican or Bayreuth can legislate against parody; and in any case there is no question now of parody but of an excellent a production of the original as the resources of the theatre will permit.

Now I cannot pretend to understand exactly what the feelings of Roman Catholics may be on this subject. Some, I believe disapprove altogether. Others I know are enthusiastic. And as the Holy See is not in the least likely either to canonize or anathematize the author of "Parsifal," even when he has been dead long enough to become half-legendary, I suppose we shall never find among them that wonderful unanimity which, as is well known, only Protestants have failed to remark in the opinions of the faithful.

In the meantime one Roman Catholic writer assures us that he knows "qu'une chose plus belle que Parsifal: c'est n'importe quelle messe basse dans n'importe quelle église"—which to the English Protestant with some recollection of various "low masses" in Italian or Spanish churches will seem one of the most unfortunate compliments ever penned. And to the Protestant who happens also to regard great music as something more than half divine it will appear little less than an insult.

In any case it is perhaps well to remember that "Parsifal" is not a "Roman Catholic masterpiece" like, for instance, Elgar's "Dream of Gerontius," for the very good reason that Wagner's religion, if any, was different from Elgar's. Not the whole order of Jesuits can prove that the man who married the daughter of Liszt and the wife of von Bülow was a Roman Catholic "in spite of himself." I do not suppose for one instant that they want to, but from the manner in which many people, usually atheistical aesthetes, talk about "Parsifal" you might imagine that it had been written by St. Thomas Aquinas to music by St. Cecilia.

As a matter of fact even supposing "Parsifal" to be purely Roman Catholic in inspiration, I do not see why it should be banished from the ordinary stage. For in that case "Parsifal" would bear much the same relationship to Catholicism as "The Magic Flute" to Freemasonry,—and why a sincere Roman Catholic should be considered less capable than a sincere Freemason to behold the revelation of his mysteries the impartial observer will probably fail to understand.¹ It may be urged that a great deal of "The Magic Flute" is ludicrous while "Parsifal" is altogether

¹Unless, of course, he proceeds on the tacit and conventional assumption that only those religious people who happen also to be unreasonable need have their feelings considered at all. A reasonable agnostic, for instance, is never supposed to be shocked by anything or anybody,—not even by a bishop who talks as if his palace were connected with Heaven by a private wire. But immediately some opinion is put forward that disturbs the prejudices of the unthinking we hear a great deal of "bad taste," and "bad form" etc. To the sincerely and intelligently religious this "weaker brethren" method of treatment must appear very insulting.

solemn. Perhaps. But is there anything more absurd in "The Magic Flute" than the scene in the last act of "Parsifal" where, according to that industrious if outmoded couple, H. and F. Corder, "Titirel, for the moment reanimated raises himself in benediction in his coffin?"

Of course when I refer to "The Magic Flute" in this connection I am not thinking of Papageno and Papagena and all the silly interpolations of Schikaneder, but of "The Magic Flute" of Giesecke, which Mr. E. J. Dent in his admirable book, "Mozart's Operas" has quite conclusively shewn to be symbolical of Free-masonry. With this "Parsifal" really has something in common even down to quite, unexpected details. What for instance is "The Queen of the Night" but Kundry; and does not "Parsifal" in his dealings with the Flower Maidens remind us more than a little of Tamino's refusal to flirt with the Three Ladies? But while "The Magic Flute" was fortunate, or, if you prefer it, unfortunate enough to be born in the eighteenth century, "Parsifal" is a typical product of the romantic movement. And a sense or indeed a love of humour was not a leading characteristic of the romantics.

Properly to compare the products of different epochs you must not forget to consider the different conditions of those epochs. And, that done, I see little essential difference between Giesecke and Mozart on the one hand and Wagner on the other. Even if it were true, moreover, that in Wagner's day no other theatre was "serious" enough to produce "Parsifal" that is emphatically not true to-day. The condition of the European theatre has, during the last forty years, improved beyond measure—especially, of course, in Germany. There are at least a dozen theatres where "Parsifal" could be produced as well as at Bayreuth and twice or thrice as many again where it could be produced adequately. It is absurd to argue from Wagner's pronouncement at a time when the theatres were not yet accustomed to Wagnerian productions as a matter of course. It is as if we insisted on our railways being bound to some law that George Stephenson laid down for his first steam-engine or on our hospitals being strictly limited to the practices approved by the late Lord Lister. Art, to be alive, must be continually adapting itself to changed conditions and new aesthetic standards. For art, at least, amply justifies M. Bergson's contention that movement is reality.

However, whether we like it or not, "Parsifal" has been performed outside of Bayreuth. For my part, however, having given my reasons for thinking that "Parsifal" ought to take its chance in the repertory along with the masterpieces of other composers, I

venture to maintain that what may be called the whole "Parsifal" school of thought is a vicious one, likely to have the same effect on our theatre and, consequently, on our civilisation as "temperance" legislation has had on English public houses.

This school of thought is really founded on Herman Bahr's praise of Bayreuth as having "nothing in common with the infamous 'everydayness' of our civilisation." Now I am not concerned to deny the infamy, the vulgarity, the commercialism of our civilisation which I detest as heartily as anybody. Nor yet do I deny that a pilgrimage, of the kind that people make to Bayreuth, is often a beautiful thing. Pilgrimage in fact as Doctor Johnson truly observed "may be reasonable or superstitious according to the principles upon which it is performed," and we of modern England do not recognise the value sufficiently.

But to recognise this fact is not by any means to admit the Bayreuth contention that a pilgrimage is necessary to a proper appreciation of a certain portion of Wagner's music. Indeed, as this particular pilgrimage is decidedly expensive, people of ordinary means have hitherto been forced by the practical impossibility of undertaking it at all, with the result that "Parsifal" was to the middle class as much a synonym for luxury as a 80 h.p. motor car or furs of sable.

Indeed the result of the "Parsifal" school of thought, were it generally accepted, would be to divorce all great art from everyday life even more than is the case at present; and this is surely the worst thing that could possibly happen. Nothing is more distressing than to consider the abyss by which art and life are sundered under modern conditions. Art in fact is become a luxury (and musical art a very expensive luxury) instead of a necessity for every normal, educated human-being. The mere fact that people ask questions like "Are you musical?" or "Do you like pictures?" proves how low our aesthetic standard is. It ought to be considered as silly to ask a man questions of this kind as to enquire whether he "liked sleeping" or was an invariable eater. That every human being is capable of different degrees of sound and colour-appreciation is obviously true enough. But that every man, woman and child, with the exception of a few freaks, takes pleasure in sound and colour to some extent is more obvious still. In fact these questions are precisely similar to the mid-Victorian formula: "Do you keep up your reading?"—except that as, now-a-days, everybody reads, the remark seems unnecessary and idiotic even to the most maiden of ladies in the most cathedral of cities. Still it is, in reality, no more ridiculous than the others. Unfortunately many people, intelligent people, still regard the arts, especially the hearing and

the practice of music, as they used to regard the reading of books, to wit as something very solemn and rather mysterious for which a definite time must be put aside.

Now this, I think, is almost entirely due to the romantic atmosphere with which the nineteenth century surrounded the arts. The artist has long been regarded as a creature essentially remote from other men. He is in fact according to different idiosyncrasies either invested with a halo of glory or branded with the mark of the Beast. He is never suffered to be natural, or to take himself for granted. In short the modern world talks a great deal about Art—with an inflated capital A—and forgets about craft altogether, whereas the two are, or ought to be, inseparable. The result is, as you would expect, the marked tendency to megalomania and neurosis of modern European artists on the one hand and the militant materialism of the modern European public on the other. Both have, in their different ways, paid the penalty for getting their views of life out of focus.

Wherefore it seems to me that the most pressing need of modern times is to bring the conception of the artist as primarily a craftsman back into common use. This view of the artist is now-a-days commonly supposed to be derogatory to art; but quite erroneously. In what was probably the greatest period of pictorial and plastic art, the Italian Renaissance, the painter and the sculptor and the worker in metals were regarded in very much the same way as we regard the workmen who decorate our houses. It is quite pathetic to read of a man whose name is now world-famous begging, for a little more ultramarine to finish off his work to his liking. He had no illusions as to "Art for Art's sake." He was, of course, highly regarded because patrons in those days valued talent at its proper worth, but he remained a skilled workman by profession not, as now, an independent gentleman of uncertain temper. I have been told by those who are more competent to speak on the subject than I that it is not unlikely that this very fact of being forced to work with limited materials and for a specific object served to develop all the artistic qualities in the craftsmen of the time. That may be so. As a not altogether dissimilar instance I would venture to point out that English domestic architecture, which concerns itself solely with the practical necessity of providing what are admittedly the most comfortable houses in the world, does, as a matter of fact, produce far more satisfactory results, judged solely from the aesthetic point of view, than the school of English architecture which endeavours to erect public buildings intended primarily to look beautiful.

Now in latter years there has, of course, been a movement started by William Morris and revived quite recently, though in a very different manner by Mr. Roger Fry and others to bring the art of colour into direct relationship with house-decoration. But the art of sound still pursues the way marked out for it, I regret to say, by Beethoven and Wagner. Of course both these composers had the very best intentions, to wit, to raise music to a more serious level, but, unwittingly, they inaugurated a tendency which, I fancy, they would have been the first to deprecate, the tendency towards the isolation of music and musicians from the every-day life of the people. Both Beethoven and Wagner, it must be remembered, were typically romantic by temperament. They were, naturally enough, in full reaction against that eighteenth-century levity which treated Mozart as an ordinary flunkey. Fully conscious of their own greatness they proclaimed the right of the artist to complete expression of his personality, never dreaming, as I guess, that their followers, to achieve this admirable ideal, would claim exemption from the ordinary musical routine of their day.

For that really is what has happened. I can think of no contemporary composer of the front rank, except Stravinski, who writes regularly for a theatre or an organisation of any kind. Yet the best musical compositions the world has known were written by an organist for a rather incompetent choir and an indifferent organ at Leipsic. Some of the finest symphonies were "turned out" for various patrons very much as our musical comedy composers "turn out" music for Mr. George Edwardes. There is nothing paralysing to musical invention in writing to order or for money so long as the composer is not expected to lower his own standard of taste in the process.

That of course is the basis of all the trouble at the present day. The public taste is, on the whole, bad and so the good composers do not supply music for the every-day life of the people. Yet, until they do, the public taste must remain in a varying degree of badness. The vicious circle would seem to be complete.

Formerly, of course, the difficulty did not arise, because music was written not so much for the public as for patrons, but with the advent of democracy the question has assumed a different as well as a wider aspect, and the whole bias of modern legislation tends to make the race of patrons even less numerous in the future than it is as present. Besides, it is often forgotten that the mere possession of money cannot make a discriminating patron. Indeed, to be such an one, a great deal of natural taste and hard work are necessary. And an indiscriminating patron usually does more

harm than no patron at all. So that it is hopeless, I think, to expect salvation now-a-days from patrons, still less from their amorphous modern successors, the State and the Municipality.

The only hope is to tackle the problem boldly, to contrive to bring the composers and the people face to face. And as the people shows but small sign of wishing to climb higher let the composers come down from their isolated heights and try to meet them a little more than half way. In plain words, I would like to see our most talented composers everywhere, in the organ-lofts writing services and anthems for their choirs, cantatas for the local choral societies, a string quartet or two for the best players of the district; in the conductor's chair of the theatres writing incidental music for plays and perhaps small ballets, condescending if their talents happened to have some kinship to those of Offenbach and Sullivan, to think kindly of musical comedy occasionally, briefly, in every musical situation conceivable producing compositions primarily intended to satisfy the immediate requirements of their various offices. To portray, even in outline, the organisation of our music on such lines would require an article—a very long article—to itself. Suffice it to say here that such an idea does not preclude the possibility of composers writing some works on larger lines than have been indicated. There would always be the one or two who possessed either private means of their own or had acquired leisure and fame enough to specialise in would-be masterpieces. But now-a-days the word "masterpiece" is sadly overworked. Every young composer seems to think that he is expected to write important compositions for huge orchestras, consciously to make one bid at least for a place in the musical repertory as permanent as that enjoyed by Beethoven or Wagner or Mozart. As a matter of fact everybody knows that even of the great masters comparatively few compositions have stood the test of time. The lesser men would, it seems to me, be better employed in fulfilling, in the best possible manner, the musical requirements of their generation instead of bothering their heads about posterity and greatness. Indeed now-a-days we hear far too much about greatness and not nearly enough about music.

Of course, should anything so unlikely as the practical realisation of this suggested ideal come to pass, all of us who, like the author, are primarily interested in the complicated developments of modern music would suffer very considerably. We should have to bear, for a considerable time at any rate, with the almost complete absence of just the music we particularly affect. It were idle to deny that this would be a loss, a loss which some of us

would feel more than we could say. But, for my part, I would make the sacrifice tomorrow did I know that music could thereby be established on a more solid foundation. At present the whole structure of our musical life rests on the most unstable foundation. It is practically built on a marsh, with the critical eclectic and the wealthy dilettante as sole supports. And unless we can grout it with the cement of "every dayness" we may witness the most appalling collapse at any time. The whole modern, "Parsifal" school of thought—though not, I believe, the original "Parsifal" ideal as formulated by Wagner or even by his friends and relations—tends to make this operation more and more difficult. In practice, whatever it may do in theory, it begins by reserving the best music for a few initiates and ends by providing music-festivals for wealthy Cosmopolitans and Jews. Certainly we have, thereby, acquired a higher standard of musical performance and probably we owe to it the amazingly rapid development of European music. But rapid development can be paid for too highly. In this case the price has been that divorce between our music and our every-day life which may lead to eventual bankruptcy. In short our music today represents not our civilisation but the tastes of an infinitesimal minority. To some extent that has always been true of the very best music at all times, but, in days when the aristocratic principle was commonly accepted, the fact, though regrettable, had no practical importance. Perhaps our music then is better than our civilisation. I believe it is. Nevertheless the point is not its merit so much as its stability. How long should or can any democratic civilisation support an art better than itself?

THE MEASUREMENT OF MUSICAL TALENT

By CARL E. SEASHORE

THE PROBLEM

THE psychology of music is now being built up in the laboratory from three points of view, namely: the psychology of individual talent, the psychology of aesthetic feeling in musical appreciation and expression, and the psychology of the pedagogy of music. Our subject limits this discussion to the first of these three aspects.

Musical talent, like all other talent, is a gift of nature— inherited, not acquired; in so far as a musician has natural ability in music, he has been born with it. Perhaps natural ability of a high order is not so very rare, for modern psychology has demonstrated that a surprisingly small portion of our talents are allowed to develop and to come to fruitage, and thus has given great reinforcement to the dictum that many men “die with all their music in them.” From the point of view of measurement, the latent power is as tangible as the developed, and is often of greater interest. The measurement of musical capacity, therefore, concerns itself chiefly with inborn psycho-physic and mental capacities as distinguished from skill acquired in training.

In 1842 the greatest physiologist of that time declared that it would forever remain impossible to measure the speed of the nerve impulse; yet, within two years of that time, his colleague measured it with accuracy. Up to that time it had been supposed that the nerve impulse might have the speed of an electric current; but the measurement showed that it takes a nerve impulse as long to pass from the foot to the brain of a man as it would take the electric current to pass half way around the globe. About the same time it was almost universally believed that “the time of thought” could not be measured; but the “reaction-time experiment” did on the mental side what the measurement of the nerve impulse had done on the physical side. Talent, like the dream, has been thought of as peculiarly illusive and intangible for observation. Yet the science of individual psychology to-day virtually “dissects”

the genius, analyzes and measures talents, sets out limitations, diagnoses the possibilities, and directs the development of the individual.

Musical talent is not one thing. To amount to anything, there must be a hierarchy of talents, sufficiently related to work together. Hierarchies of talents may present entirely different organizations in different individuals. The analysis of musical talent aims first to locate the dominant traits and then to determine qualitatively and quantitatively the composition or characteristics of each group, or hierarchy of traits. The term musical talent is therefore used in a collective sense.

It is quite possible to make a fairly exhaustive classification of the essential traits of musical talent. This may be done by considering, first, the characteristics of sound which constitute music and, second, the mental powers which are needed for the appreciation of musical sounds.

The elements of musical sound are really three, namely: pitch, time and intensity. The fourth attribute of sound, extensity, which represents the spatial character, is negligible for the present purpose. Pitch is the quality, the essence of a sound. Timbre, usually spoken of as quality, is merely a pitch complex. Consonance, harmony, and clang fusions are also pitch-complexes. Rhythm represents aspects of time and intensity. This classification of the fundamental aspects of musical sounds gives us a basis for the classification of musical talents into the ability to appreciate and the ability to express respectively, pitch, time, and intensity of tone. Each of these may, of course, be subdivided in great detail.

Turning then to the human side of music, we find that the capacity for the appreciation and expression of music may be divided, for convenience, into four fundamental capacities; namely, sensory, the ability to hear music; motor, the ability to express music; associational, the ability to understand music; and affective, the ability to feel music and express feeling in music. By combining these two classifications—the elements of musical sounds and the capacity of the human individual—we shall obtain the principal groups of musical talent.

Arranging the principal measurements now available in the psychology of music laboratory on the above bases of classification, we get a scheme like the accompanying list of measurements on a singer. Certain modifications of this list would, of course, be necessary in Section II to adapt it to other performers, such as the violinist or the pianist.

LIST OF MEASUREMENTS ON A SINGER

- I. Sensory (ability to hear music).
 - A. Pitch.
 - 1. Discrimination ("musical ear;" tonal hearing).
 - 2. Survey of register.
 - 3. Tonal range: (a) upper limit, (b) lower limit.
 - 4. Timbre (tone color).
 - 5. Consonance and dissonance (harmony).
 - B. Intensity (loudness).
 - 1. Sensibility (hearing-ability).
 - 2. Discrimination (capacity for intellectual use).
 - C. Time.
 - 1. Sense of time.
 - 2. Sense of rhythm.
- II. Motor (ability to sing).
 - A. Pitch.
 - 1. Striking a tone.
 - 2. Varying a tone.
 - 3. Singing intervals.
 - 4. Sustaining a tone.
 - 5. Registers.
 - 6. Timbre: (a) purity, (b) richness, (c) mellowness, (d) clearness, (e) flexibility.
 - 7. Plasticity: curves of learning.
 - B. Intensity.
 - 1. Natural strength and volume of voice.
 - 2. Voluntary control.
 - C. Time.
 - 1. Motor ability.
 - 2. Transition and attack.
 - 3. Singing in time.
 - 4. Singing in rhythm.
- III. Associational (ability to imagine, remember and think in music).
 - A. Imagery.
 - 1. Type.
 - 2. Rôle of auditory and motor images.
 - B. Memory.
 - 1. Memory span.
 - 2. Retention.
 - 3. Redintegration.
 - C. Ideation.
 - 1. Association type and musical content.
 - 2. Musical grasp.
 - 3. Creative imagination.
 - 4. Plasticity: curves of learning.

IV. Affective (ability to feel music).

- A. Likes and dislikes: character of musical appeal.
 - 1. Pitch, timbre, melody and harmony.
 - 2. Intensity and volume.
 - 3. Time and rhythm.
- B. Emotional reaction to music.
- C. Power of æsthetic interpretation in singing.

The writer has outlined elsewhere (*Psychology in Daily Life*, D. Appleton Co., 1913, Ch. VII.) how each of the measurements in this list may be performed.

AN EXAMPLE OF A MEASUREMENT

To illustrate the method of procedure in measurements of this kind as briefly and accurately as possible, we may consider one, as an example, in some detail. The first in the list (IA1) may serve this purpose.

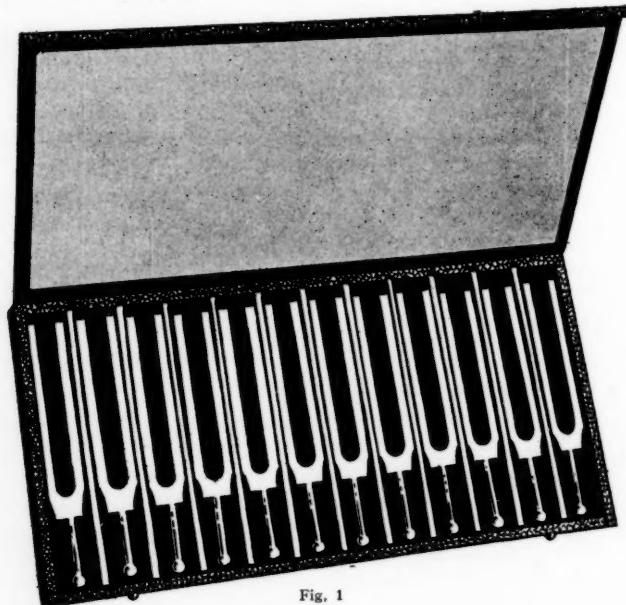


Fig. 1

The first rule of experimental psychology is to reduce the problem so that there shall be only one variable and all other factors shall be kept under relative control. The variable must

be measurable, repeatable, and describable. In this test we want to vary and measure pitch. Time, timbre, intensity, sequence-complexes and all other factors of tone must therefore be kept relatively constant or uniform; and all conditions must be kept as simple as possible. The task is merely to hear which of two tones, sounded in rapid succession, is the higher.

This test must be made so simple and elemental that it shall be equally feasible for young and old, for musical and for unmusical. It has proved no small undertaking to devise, test, and standardize, apparatus and methods which shall make these conditions possible. A full account of the standardization of this test has been published by the present writer.¹



Fig. 2

The apparatus consists of a set of tuning forks, Fig 1, a resonator, Fig. 2, and a rubber covered lead rod to strike the forks upon. The standard fork, which is duplicated, has a pitch of 435 vibrations, a', international pitch. The remaining forks are tuned higher than this by small increments, as follows:— $\frac{1}{2}$, 1, 2, 3, 5, 8, 12, 17, 23, and 30 vibrations, respectively. The resonator is mounted in a convenient position. The forks are sounded by striking gently upon the rod and holding before the resonator. So long as a fork is merely held in the hand it cannot be heard; but the moment it is presented before the mouth of the resonator, it speaks the tone loud and pure. The loudness and the duration of the tone are regulated by the position and the time before the resonator.

The standard and one other fork are sounded in rapid succession and the observer, who is blind-folded, is required to say whether the second tone is higher or lower than the first. A preliminary test is made in which we begin with the largest interval, 30 vibrations, and then take successively the remaining intervals

¹ Psychol. Rev. Monog. (Princeton, N. J.) No. 38, pp. 30-60.

in the order of decreasing magnitude. Repeating this a few times, we soon get an approximate indication of the measure; *e. g.*, on the average, the observer gets all right down to a difference of 5 vibrations. This limit is called the threshold. This approximate threshold being found, we then take a large number of trials, one hundred to five hundred, on a single interval—that one for which the observer, according to the preliminary test, is most likely to get 75 per cent. right judgments. Having found what per cent. of judgments actually are right in the test we convert that by applying a formula which gives the magnitude of the interval that will yield 75 per cent. right judgments. Thus, supposing that in five hundred trials on 3 vibrations we get 78 per cent. right judgments, computation shows that it would take a difference of 2.6 vibrations to yield the required 75 per cent. of right cases with this ability; 2.6 vibrations would therefore be the threshold of pitch discrimination in this case.

This measure may be converted into "part of tone" by recognizing that in this interval $a'-b'$ one vibration equals one fifty-fourth of a tone; 2.6 vibrations therefore equal about one-twentieth of a tone. The equivalent of vibration-differences in terms of whole-tone differences may be represented as follows:

Vibrations	$\frac{1}{4}$	$\frac{1}{2}$	1	$\frac{2}{3}$	$\frac{3}{4}$	$\frac{5}{6}$
Part of tone	$\frac{1}{216}$	$\frac{1}{108}$	$\frac{1}{54}$	$\frac{2}{27}$	$\frac{1}{18}$	$\frac{5}{11}$
Vibrations	8	12	17	23	30	
Part of tone	$\frac{1}{8}$	$\frac{1}{5}$	$\frac{1}{3}$	$\frac{1}{2}-$	$\frac{1}{2}+$	

To illustrate further the procedure in the interpretation and the application of records of this kind, let us consider in turn the specific conditions which bear upon the interpretation of this record. In doing this we must keep foremost in mind the first rule of interpretation in applied psychology, namely, that the interpretation shall be limited to the bearing, direct or indirect, of the factor under control, *i. e.*, the factor measured. Here we have measured pitch discrimination, one out of a hundred or more measurable factors in musical capacity, one of the many elements in "the sense of pitch." We must search diligently into the reliability, the qualifications, the meaning, the ramifications, and the practical significance of this measure. But we cannot generalize in regard to musical capacity as a whole on the basis of this measure alone, except as such general capacity is modified by the limitations in the capacity measured.

Individual Differences. It is a matter of common observation that individuals differ in their sense of pitch. In pitch discrimin-

ation, stripped of all vagueness and confusion, we have a quantitative measure of the magnitude of this one factor, and can get a clear-cut picture of the distribution of individual differences in this specific capacity.

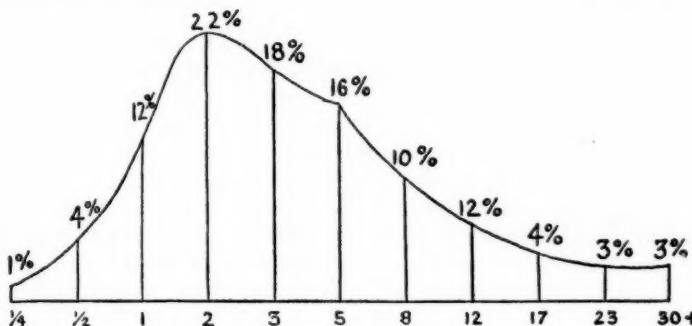


Fig. 3

Fig. 3 shows the normal distribution for university students in a frequency curve which is based on twelve hundred cases. The numbers at the bottom designate the conventional series of steps in terms of vibrations, from $1/4$ to 30. The figures on the curve give the per cent. of cases whose threshold of pitch discrimination falls at each of the levels designated by the steps. Thus, 1 per cent. can hear a difference of $1/4$ vibration; 4 percent. can hear a difference of $1/2$ vibration; 12 per cent. can hear a difference of 1 vibration, etc. The mode, the most frequent record, is at 2 vibrations. The best measurement is $1/4$ vibration, and all but 3 per cent. can hear a half-tone. The average is 2.5 vibrations.

A Norm. This curve of distribution, being based upon a sufficiently large number of representative cases, may be regarded as a norm in terms of which individual and isolated records may be interpreted. For example, if a child is measured and gives a record of .8 vibration, it will be seen by reference to this norm, that this child finds a place among the best, *i. e.*, in a small group of 8 per cent. at the head. If his record were 2.6 per cent. this is found to be near the average ear; whereas, if the record were 15 vibrations, it would be decidedly among the inferior. Such a norm is then a standard by which we may evaluate our individual tonal hearing just as we judge our height or weight in terms of the published anthropometric charts. Indeed the curve is quite similar to a

height curve in that the cases tend to bunch about the middle and the number of cases diminishes rapidly toward both extremes. It differs, however, from the height curve in that the units at the bottom are not equal but form approximately a geometric series of the second order. The distribution is therefore said to be skew.

Cognitive v.s. Physiological Limit. It is clear that the threshold as defined above, is an arbitrary standard; and we may fairly ask if it represents a mental or a physiological limit. It is convenient to distinguish between the cognitive threshold and the physiological threshold. The cognitive threshold is a limit which is due to cognitive difficulties such as ignorance, misunderstanding, inattention, lack of application, confusion, objective or subjective disturbances, misleading thought, inhibitions in recording, etc. The physiological threshold is that limit which is set by the character of the physical structure of the pitch-differentiating apparatus in the organ of Corti in the inner ear. A cognitive threshold is really no measure at all; it is merely an indication of the fact that the conditions are not under control and serves as a means of discovering sources of error. A flawless measurement should give the physiological threshold; but that, like all other forms of perfection, is scarcely attainable. We therefore content ourselves with a "proximate physiological" threshold. This is what Fig. 3. represents, and it is the concept we must employ in most practical work. The three chief factors which account for the difference between the physiological and the proximate physiological threshold are,—the convention of counting 75 per cent. of right cases, which is based on the theory of probability; the physiological variation in the organ of Corti with varying body tone; and the failure to eliminate disturbances in the test. It is therefore safe to say that the actual psycho-physical limit is always somewhat lower than the conventional threshold.

Reliability and Success. Since the record is of diagnostic value only when it represents approximately the bed rock of capacity, it is important to have means of determining when and to what extent this is reached. In the first place, we can never get a record that is too good, *i. e.*, below the physiological threshold. An error is always in the direction of a cognitive threshold which must be reduced. In the actual test the experimenter may observe sources of error such as objective disturbances, his own lack of skill, or the subjective difficulties reported by the observer. He must then labor to eliminate them. But, in the last resort, the record itself contains internal evidence in the character of the

distribution of the errors by which the expert may know whether or not he has reached the desired limit.

Ordinarily, under favorable conditions, the desired threshold may be established in a single sitting of less than an hour in an individual test. If a task is not satisfactory in the first sitting, it must be repeated until it complies with the required criteria of reliability. Occasionally we find a resistant case which may leave us in doubt after many trials, but in individual work, 95 per cent. of the cases should be disposed of in less than two hours of intensive measurement.

The above norm is based upon the measurement obtained in the second hour of a group test, which is about equivalent to an individual test. It therefore contains cases that are further reducible. A final-test norm would show a considerable improvement in some of the records.

Illusions of Pitch. One very interesting and baffling feature which is encountered in this test is the illusion of pitch. Many of these illusions have been identified, isolated, measured, and expressed in terms of mental law. Among these is the illusion of anticipation, or expectant attention. If one consciously or unconsciously anticipates that the second of two tones in a small interval is to be the higher and it really is the higher, the difference will seem greater than it really is; but if, on the other hand, it is really lower, there are two possibilities: if it is relatively little lower, it will still be heard as higher, whereas, if it is distinctly lower, it will be heard as lower and the interval will be overestimated. Similar to this are the illusions due to the differences in the intensity, the timbre, the pitch level, the location, etc., of the tones. All such errors must be eliminated. It would be no test at all merely to ask the observer if he heard a difference, as the early experimenters did; he must be required also to give the direction. By virtue of the illusions we often tend to hear two tones of the same pitch as different and sometimes feel a higher degree of certainty in a judgment which is wrong.

Absolute Pitch. We hear much about the possession of "absolute pitch." It would perhaps, be facetious to say that some persons come into my laboratory at the State University of Iowa with absolute pitch, but no one has yet been known to leave with it, which is the truth. Some musicians can of course identify any key sounded on the piano in isolation; but the claims of absolute pitch go beyond that, as *e. g.*, when the violinist says

that the violin string sounded by itself first thing in the morning is one vibration below international pitch. Often, indeed, he can tell this, not by absolute pitch, but by memory of conditions of tuning, by difference in timbre, and by a happy guess, etc. In this way many musicians cultivate fixed illusions of absolute pitch. The claims about absolute pitch when referring to such small differences, exist only so long as they are not checked by actual measurement.

To measure absolute pitch, let the experiment run for some months, devoting a minute or two to the test each day, in the morning before any other musical sounds are heard, as follows:— Use the above set of forks, Fig. 1, with the resonator producing pure tones. Sound the standard on the first day until it is thoroughly familiar. On the second day sound one fork—either the standard or a differential fork—and require the observer to say whether this tone is standard or a higher tone. Then sound the standard in preparation for the next day. Repeat this procedure on successive days until each of the differential forks has been sounded at least ten times. The record will then show what is the smallest pitch difference that can be heard without error when the compared tones are a day apart.

We are here concerned with the relative pitch. It is common that a violinist may have a pitch discrimination of $1/2$ vibration but it would be an extraordinary and improbable case that he should have an absolute pitch to the extent of 5 vibrations, or one-tenth as good as the relative pitch hearing.

Tone-Deafness. It is likewise generally supposed that tone deafness is a common occurrence. There is of course a great variety of cases of tone deafness on record in clinical otology and aphasia. There are many possible causes, both in physical and mental pathology. From the point of view of the "normal" community, it is of interest to note that Smith (*Psychol. Rev. Monog.* (Princeton, N. J.) No. 69, pp. 69-103) in measuring 1980 school children, taking every child in a given room without exception, did not find a single case of tone deafness. Many cases were resistive; but, through his skill and ingenuity, he was able to show that in this entire number there was no one who could not hear as small difference as a whole tone. Tone-ignorance is sometimes appalling, but we must distinguish between that and tone deafness. Taking this fact with the above observations on absolute pitch, we find that common opinion is extravagant, both in ascribing achievement and in denying capacities.

Practice. As a result of an extensive study of the effect of practice on 467 school children and 54 university students, Smith (*op. cit.*) arrived at the following conclusions:

The sensitiveness of the ear to pitch difference can not be improved appreciably by practice. There is no evidence of any improvement in sensitiveness to pitch as a result of practice. When a person shows a cognitive threshold practice ordinarily results in a clearing up of the difficulties which lie in the way of a true measure of discrimination, by information, observations, a development of interest, isolation of the problems in hand, and more consistent application to the task in hand. This is, of course, not improvement in the psycho-physic ear but merely a preliminary to a fair determination of the psycho-physic limit.

Training in pitch discrimination is not like the acquisition of skill, as in learning to read or to hear overtones. It is in the last analysis informational and the improvement is immediate in proportion to the effectiveness of the instructions or the ingenuity of the observer and the experimenter in isolating the difficulty.

In this respect the limit of pitch hearing is like the limit of acuity of vision. As training in the use of the eye does not improve the dioptric system of the eye so that one may see finer print or greater distance; so practice does not modify the actual structure of the organ of Corti in the ear so as to make it more responsive to pitch, except in the sense that a violin may be improved by use. But, as the ability to give meaning to what is seen—the ability to use the eye to its limit—is amenable to training and finds its limits of development only in the limits of the grasp of memory, imagination, thought, feeling, and will; so the meaning of pitch, in all its intricate operations, is capable of refinement through training, and passes gradually from a simple sensory impression, in one direction, into fixed automatisms and, in the other direction, into conscious analysis and synthesis.

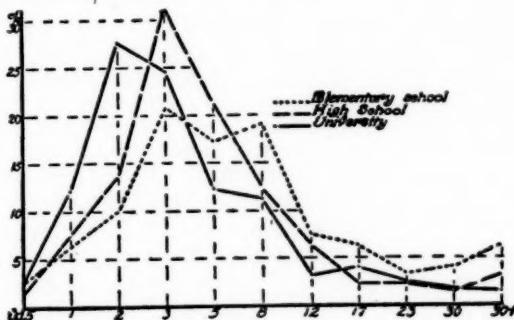


Fig. 4

Age. The actual psycho-physic capacity for pitch discrimination does not improve with age, *i. e.*, with general mental growth. Some children are ignorant, obstinate, and helpless in a test of this kind. This is likely to fall off with age in childhood. Fig. 4., shows the distribution of records in a single group test in each of three ages. The records of the younger children are slightly inferior to those of the older, but this is amply accounted for by the presence of conditions for observation among the younger children, which are ordinarily overcome as experience grows with age. These conditions are, however, merely disturbances in the measurement; they would not ordinarily operate in the child's hearing of music. We often find the finest record in children of five to ten years of age, who have had no musical training whatever. Three out of four of the writer's children equalled the record of their father's ability, which is good, each one before the age of five and without any musical training. Reliable measurement may be made upon children as early as three to four years of age, depending upon the natural brightness of the child. If we measure a hundred children, intellectually at an age capable of observation, and measure also the mothers of these children, it is probable that the records of the children, will average as high as the records of their mothers. Aside from selection, the same principle would apply to teachers and their pupils.

Sex. The capacity for pitch discrimination does not vary appreciably with sex. Records of school girls are ordinarily superior to the records of school boys, but this is due to the common aloofness of the preadolescent boy toward music. The boys in the American schools investigated, often regard music as a frill for girls and therefore do not enter the test with the same zeal and fervor as do the girls. It is significant that this difference in favor of girls disappears at the university age notwithstanding the fact that there is still more interest in music among young women and they have, on the whole, had more advantages of musical training than the university men.

Elemental nature of the Test. This test is elemental in the sense that, when applied under favorable conditions, it calls forth a relatively simple and immediate sensory act which is so single and isolated that the performance of it does not improve with practice. This was a goal in the designing of the test and the extent to which it is successful has been discussed under the head of practice. In so far as we deal with a cognitive threshold, this test is not elemental; it becomes elemental only as we approach the

physiological threshold. In its elemental nature this test contrasts with complex processes in musical hearing, such as the hearing of overtones, the analysis of chords, judgment of timbre, all of which require training.

Basal Nature of the Test. This test is basal in the sense that many other aspects of musical capacity rest upon the capacity here measured. Thus, tonal memory, tonal imagery, the perception of timbre, singing and playing in true pitch; and to a certain extent, the perception of harmony, and the objective response are limited by any limitation that may be set in pitch discrimination. If the pitch discrimination is poor, we can predict, at least, a corresponding inferiority in the derived factors. On the other hand, excellence of pitch discrimination does not necessarily insure excellence in these factors, since it is only one element in them. There are six such basal measurements—three sensory and three motor; one on pitch, one on intensity, and one on time, for the sensory side and for the motor side respectively.

Theory. No physiological theory of pitch discrimination is fully established. We know that the pitch differentiating mechanism is located in the organ of Corti in the inner ear and that it works on mechanical principles in the selection of vibrations which determine pitch. It is safe to say that ordinarily variations in capacity for pitch discrimination are due to variations in the sensitivity of the selecting mechanism. It is natural to suppose that this should vary in individuals just as height and color vary within large limits.

Intelligence. The test of pitch discrimination is not an intelligence test. A person may be a philosopher, a mathematician or an inventor, and yet have "no ear for music." Preliminary tests as a rule, show that the brighter persons on the whole tend to make a better record, but this is because all the "good observers" are able to give a reliable test in the first trial whereas the dull, the careless, and the backward blunder at first and give only a cognitive test, which must be further reduced before it can be accepted.

Inheritance. There is no doubt but that musical talent may be inherited, but there are no reliable statistical data on the subject, although there is much biographical material. The first condition for statistics is that the facts under consideration shall be identified and measured. This we have only recently learned to accomplish. The fact that Smith (*op. cit.*) when comparing the records of children in the same family with children in different

families, in a group of 1980 children, found no tendency for records within a family to agree more closely than records among unrelated families, should sound a warning and incite cautiousness in the accepting of biographical material in naive form. It shows the necessity, as well as the possibility, of including specific measures in extensive studies of inheritance.

Tonal Range. This measure was taken at 435 vibrations because that is approximately in the middle, the most stable, the most used and the most sensitive part of the tonal range. Sounds may give the character of tonality to the human ear as low down as 12 vibrations and possibly as high as 50000 vibrations, although the upper limit varies greatly with individuals. But pitch discrimination is defective near both these ends. It does not vary uniformly throughout as the constant part of a tone, *e. g.*, 1/50 of a tone, nor with the absolute vibration frequency, *e. g.*, 1 vibration at all levels of pitch; it is a sort of irregular combination between these two tendencies, as is shown in Fig. 5 by Vance (*Psychol. Rev. Monog. No. 69*, pp. 115-149). Since this curve is a fair representation for all normal persons, a measure at one level, such as we have here at 435 vibrations, gives also a serviceable knowledge of the relative sensitiveness at other levels.

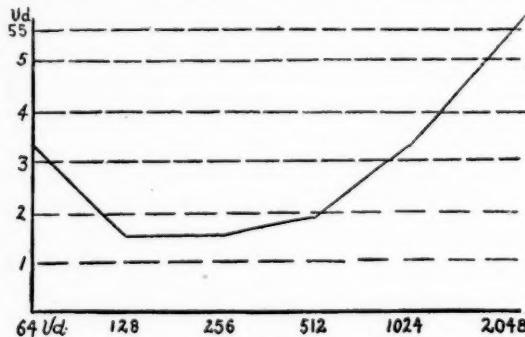


Fig. 5

Evaluation. Fourteen years ago the writer proposed the following tentative evaluation for the purpose of vocational guidance (*Ed. Rev. Vol. XXII*, pp. 69,82.); and, in the extensive use of the test since then, he has seen no serious reason for changing it:

Below 3 vd.: May become a musician;

3-8 vd.: Should have a plain musical education (singing in school may be obligatory);

- 9-17 vd.: Should have a plain education in music only if special inclination for some kind of music is shown (singing in school should be optional);
 18 and above: Should have nothing to do with music.

This account of procedure in one of the numerous tests under consideration is perhaps sufficiently generic to serve as a general illustration of measurements in musical capacity, in particular those included in the above list. Each test presents an individual problem, often requires its own peculiar apparatus and technique, results in its own norms and its own laws of behavior for the factor under control, and requires its own interpretation. Each problem having been dealt with in isolation, the next step is to collate the results and interpret each one in the light of every other record of talent.

THE TALENT CHART

For the purpose of illustration we may now assume that each of the tests listed above have been made and evaluated in the spirit and on the plan of the given example. How shall we then bring such a mass of material into a single picture, into graspable form and relief?

The first step is to reduce all numerical records to a sort of common denominator. This may be done by what we may call the method of percental rank. In one case the record may be in terms of vibration, in another in terms of time, in another in terms of number of successes, etc. A direct comparison of values would be bewildering for want of a common unit; but the method of percental rank furnishes such a unit.

When a norm like Fig. 3., has been established on adequate data, we may transform the data on which that norm is based into percental rank values. For the sake of simplicity, let us assume that the data represent only one hundred cases. In this method we would rank the best 100 per cent, the poorest 1 per cent, and the remaining ninety-eight between these limits in the order of magnitude of the record. From the data back of Fig. 3., we may then construct a table which gives the percental rank value of each of the units employed, as follows:

% rank	vibrations	% rank	vibrations
100	.25	50	2.5
95	.5	45	2.8
90	.7	40	3.1
85	.9	35	3.5

% rank	vibrations	% rank	vibrations
80	—	1.1	30
75	—	1.3	—
70	—	1.6	25
65	—	1.8	—
60	—	2.0	15
55	—	2.2	—
		5	10
			12.0
			18.5

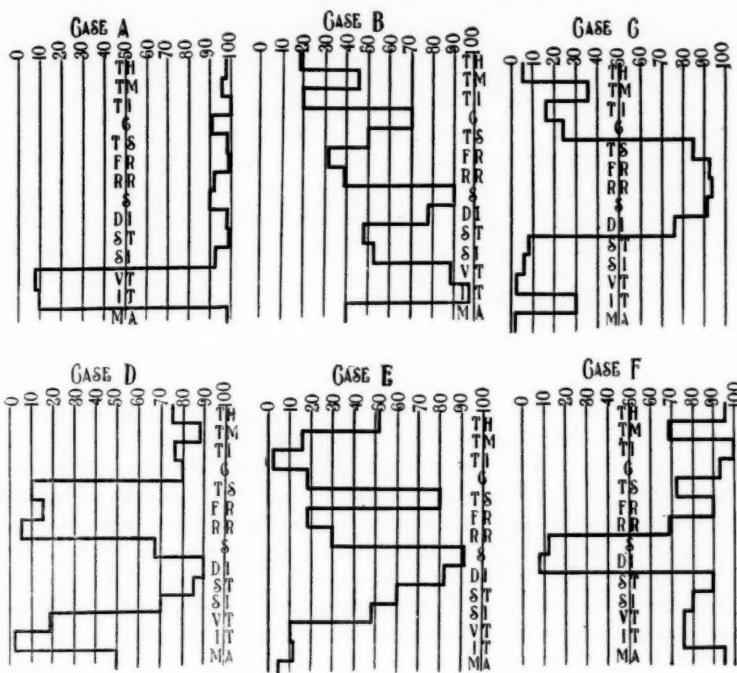
For each and all measurements in the above list on which we have sufficient data, those data may be set out in a table of percental ranks like this. The advantage is clear. If, e. g., a pupil stands 92 per cent. in pitch discrimination, 18 per cent. in the sense of rhythm, 72 per cent. in auditory imagery, etc., the meaning is perfectly definite and clear at a glance; all records are presented in terms of the same unit, percental rank.

We may go one step further and picture the results of all measurements in a single graph or curve, which shall show a sort of profile of features, a single sketch of a persons' musical talent at a glance, when familiar with the plan. Six such charts are shown in the accompanying illustration.

These charts are made to cover only those measurements on which we have adequate norms at the present time. The initials with numbers in parenthesis refer to the tests in the lists as follows:

- | | |
|---------------|---|
| T. H. (IA1) | Tonal hearing, or pitch discrimination as described above. |
| T. I. (IIIA1) | Tonal imagery; the ability to hear in imagination. |
| T. M. (IIB1) | Tonal memory; the span of immediate memory for tones. |
| C. (IA5) | Consonance; the ability to distinguish consonances from dissonances. |
| T. S. (IC1) | Time sense; the ability to hear with accuracy the duration of short time-intervals. |
| F. R. (IIC4) | Free rhythm; the ability to mark a free rhythm. |
| R. R. (IIC4) | Regulated rhythm; the ability to follow a set rhythm. |
| S. S. (IB1) | Sensitiveness to sound; "hearing-ability." |
| D. I. (IB2) | Discrimination for the intensity of sound. |
| S. T. (IIA1) | Singing a tone in true pitch. |
| V. T. | Vocal training |
| I. T. | Instrumental training |
| M. A. | Musical appreciation |
- } based on a systematic questionnaire.

When the plan of these charts is once familiar and the measurements are known, these graphs form striking pictures which convey to us an immediate representation of the features of musical traits or capacities quite as naturally as a photograph conveys the type of physical features.



- Case A.* Extraordinary musical talent. Has had no musical training. Loves good music. Would have been encouraged for a musical career if discovered early enough. Boy age 20.
- Case B.* Poor musical talent. Has had extensive vocal and instrumental training. Intellectually bright. Advised to discontinue intensive training in music.
- Case C.* Lack of sense of pitch; hence also poor in tonal imagery, tonal memory, and sense of consonance.
- Case D.* Lack of time sense. Has good sense of pitch. Beautiful singer aside from time. Intellectually keen. Mingled feelings in regard to appreciation.
- Case E.* Lack of tonal imagery; hence also memory and rhythm. Good time sense. Intellectually bright. Does not care for music at all.
- Case F.* Good musical talent. Sensitive musical temperament. Lives in music. Shiftless and poor in other studies.

MEANING AND USE

As acquaintance with a person whose photograph one sees gives a life touch to the bare outline of the features suggested on paper, so acquaintance with the system of measurement, biographical and professional knowledge of the individual, and common sense observation arouse through the chart a sense of relationship and a feeling of insight which tend to make the picture realistic and true.

This system of measurements, if it may be called a system, is unfortunately not adapted for general use by musicians themselves. It presupposes a technique, an equipment, and a skill in psychological analysis which the musician does not possess. It requires a specialist trained in music and psychology and will tend to open a new profession—that of a consulting psychologist in music. Since the elaborate measurements will be made only on those who have serious aspirations for a professional career in music, many will not be needed; but laboratories might well be maintained in a few of the principal music centers.

The function of such a laboratory specialist will be most varied and interesting. His primary business will, of course, be to take inventories of individual capacities for the purpose of vocational guidance of a highly specialized sort. It is no small matter if parents can take a twelve-year old son or daughter into this sort of laboratory and secure a chart of musical talents. The effort and expense of securing such an inventory is insignificant in comparison with the cost of a professional musical education. It is difficult to estimate the value of such an inventory, whether it serves the purpose of encouragement and stimulus of good talent or serves in the saving of one who has serious incapacity for some essential part of the life work which might have been blindly entered. The stake at such a time is not primarily dollars and cents, but human happiness through adaptation to a life work, and a most wholesome advancement of the art.

There will however be more frequent demand for service to the musician who has encountered some serious obstacle. The psychologist will be ready with tests which may be employed in making scientific diagnosis of the obstacle, for to him the human organism is an instrument—a receiving instrument and a producing instrument. He believes in cause and effect, just as the oculist, the aurist and the mechanic of the stalled motor car do. Exactly what is the obstacle? Can it be repaired? Will a substitute do? How

serious is it? What is the natural thing to do? The discovery and isolation of the cause of the trouble is the first logical step toward the discovery of a remedy. We see the coming of a new specialist. He will have a mission.

This inventory also serves to explain experiences of the past which may not have been understood. If the singer has had defeat, it will show exactly why. If she has been misguided in musical training, it may show the nature of the error and its results. If the singer is conscious of lack in some capacity, the record shows the nature of this lack, and may even suggest a remedy, if such there is. Even among the best musicians it is rare to find one who does not have some kind of difficulty. Indeed, the difficulties of the singer are unquestionably great. If psychological measurement can lend assistance by laying bare the conditions of the difficulty and by determining its nature and extent, it will indeed in this respect be a handmaid of music. It may also be of great value in discovering new singers who are not aware of their genuine ability.

Another effect of such measurements is not only to objectify the elements of musical appreciation and expression so as to deepen the insight of the expert, the teacher, and the pupil, but also to shape the science and art of music as the scientific conceptions gradually become known. The measurements will furnish an outline for the psychology of music. (*Psychology in Daily Life*, p. 220)

There is, however, also a place for the measurement of musical talent outside of the laboratory. A few of the tests may be made informally in the conservatory. The principle of measurement may be adapted to the needs of teaching, not merely for diagnosis, but also as a means of training. In singing, correction of pitch, timbre, time, etc., can be made most effectively if the pupil practices with an instrument which reveals to the eye of the singer the exact fault or merit of each tone produced. The tonoscope, (*Psychol. Rev. Monog.* No. 69, pp. 1-18) *e. g.*, reveals to the eye of the singer the actual pitch of the voice to a hundredth of a tone on the principle of moving pictures, and the pupil trains his voice by his eye. The tone-analysis does the same for timbre. It throws on the screen a picture of the distribution of overtones. The time sense apparatus (*Psychol. Rev. Monog.* No. 69, pp. 166-172) does the same for time. It shows in detailed graphic record on a ticker tape the rhythm as sung.

But there is a far larger field, in the elementary schools. Certain of the few most fundamental tests can and will be used as group tests, for the purpose of a rough preliminary sifting in the schoolroom. This will reveal the unusually bad as well as the unusually good; and both of these classes deserve individual treatment. Such tests may eliminate the helplessly unmusical.

and save them from an intolerable imposition of musical requirements; but their real value is in finding the gold in the dross. One gifted child found early, investigated, and encouraged, is a great reward.

It is also fortunate that this principle may be utilized in devising drill exercises in music instruction. By isolating the elements of music and presenting feature after feature to the class, the elements of musical sounds and elements of human musical talents may be made clear for the purpose of rendering training conscious and specific.

In brief, talent has been a sort of mysterious puzzle to teacher and pupil just as the stars were to ancient man. The mystery has not been cleared or made simple; but scientific psychology has given us an approach, a tool, a vision. This in no way dispels the art attitude, but rather enhances it. The mere artist views talent as we view the starlit heavens on a moonlight stroll; the one who begins to control conditions, to employ instruments, and to apply scientific principles (inductive and deductive) and measures, views human talents as the astronomer views the heavenly bodies. The astronomer magnifies distances, intensifies illuminations, analyzes the atmospheres, reviews the records of ages, trusts his instruments and gives wings to scientific imagination; he measures, predicts, and explains; and with it all his visible universe grows larger, more orderly, and more sublime. He brings order out of chaos, breaks the mad spell of those believing themselves to be under their fateful influences, and sets aglow the imagination of those who love the stars. The expert in the measurement of human talents has similar opportunities. The stars form a macrocosm; the powers of the human mind are a microcosm. Both are orderly. Astronomy is old; the science of the human mind is barely coming into existence. The psychology of music is a new field, quite unworked, but full of promise and fascinating possibilities. Knowledge of self comes after knowledge of things, but is none the less valuable and interesting. Applied knowledge of self comes later still. In the survey of natural resources characteristic of the conservation movement of the day, the survey of natural resources in the shape of human talents is most promising.



